# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA

Vol. 77 — PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT 425 ARCH STREET — Philadelphia, Saturday, November 20, 1897 — FIVE CENTS A COPY $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE — No. 21

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter


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## A TRUE HEART'S WISH.

BY E. M.

Give me not pearls' nor diamonds' fitful splendor,
From the mine's caverns bring not gold, red gold;
Give me one glance from eyes so true and tender,
Give me a heart that ne'er grows strange nor cold—
Warm on whose altar burns Love's sacred fire—
This is my heart's desire.

Place me not high on pinnacles of glory,
Write not my record on the scroll of fame;
What care I that the wide world read my story,
So that one friend doth love me still the same,
Doth hold me in a clasp that will not tire?
This is my heart's desire.

When I am dead, raise no great pile above me,
Plant not the cypress nor the sombre yew;
I ask but teardrops from the eyes that love me,
I only need one voice to sigh "Adieu!"
One faithful hand to light Love's funeral pyre—
This is my heart's desire.

## DOWN THE ABYSS.

BY F. M. P.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

HER glance shot away to the fells, whitened with the fine vaporous rain which had retreated from the valley.

"She will, I suppose?" said Dick uneasily.

"I hope so; but one is never sure. There are so many horrid rules."

As she spoke her uncle's voice was heard calling—"Nan!"

"Yes, Uncle Ralph."

"There's a question about the last trial which Sir Walter wants you to answer. A rumor has gone abroad that Bat struck the third sheep, which would, of course, disqualify him. One judge thought so, but the others didn't notice anything of the sort. I wasn't looking at the moment, and Bee never sees anything. Did you?"

Miss Kennedy did not answer directly. What she said was:

"Why should the poor dog suffer for some imaginary offence of her master's?"

"That's not the question. Did you see him strike her?"

"No," she said in a low voice.

Hutchings glanced at Dick Carmichael with deprecatory doubt.

"Mebbe t' young leddy's reet?" he murmured.

"What do you say, Carmichael?" asked Sir Walter.

Dick brought back his eyes from Miss Kennedy's face. He did not think she had spoken truly, and he was annoyed at his own position.

"I have nothing to say," he answered rather shortly. "It's no business of mine. The judges must settle it between them."

"Yo mey joost mention what ye saw," put in the old farmer persuasively. He had spoken from a rigid sense of duty, and he wished Carmichael to clear him of having made a false statement, although he would have been relieved had Dick admitted the possibility of a mistake.

"The matter having been stirred, we must try to set it at rest," Sir Walter remarked, pulling his black beard. "I hope you will let us know what you saw."

"You heard what Miss Kennedy said," persisted the young man obstinately.

"And you agree with her?"

"Her opinion is at least as good as mine."

"Pray, Mr. Carmichael, let us have your own," said Mr. Kennedy with some eagerness. "Did you see him strike the sheep?"

"I did."

"Unmistakably?"

"Unmistakably." He still spoke shortly. "Now allow me to ask, if further evidence were needed, why could not the other men be called upon?"

Hutchings looked sheepishly at Sir Walter.

"They're a laal bit shy o' bringin' owt ag'in Bat, an' that's t' truth," he explained, dropping his voice. "He'd fight t' mon as nobbut flytes him, as seun as look at him, an' ye see, t' men get skeered. Ah, mak' neah doot they know aw aboot it, an' wad groomble sairly it no nwotice was takken."

Dick began to perceive that his testimony had been sought for the simple reason that it was desirable to shift a disagreeable burden upon the shoulders of a stranger. This did not incline him to accept it more readily.

"You haven't got more than a difference of opinion," he said.

"Wa'al?" said Hutchings in a soothing tone, "that's aw. That's aw we hed t' ask. Ah'm for gaen t' look at t' tudder trials."

Carmichael turned away at the same moment. One of the swift changes of those mountainous regions had now swept across the fell, gleams of brightness flashed from the clouds, and the flying mists left revealed the distinct yet soft hill tops.

Here and there this keenly awakened light, where it touched the tawny tints upon the slopes, brightened them into a vivid and unexpected green; here and there it glowed on the dull crimson of the bilberries.

The bleating of the sheep in the pens had become more insistent, and the dalesmen were gravely intent upon watching the trials of the younger dogs, occasionally showing their appreciation by cheers which repeated themselves again and again among the far-off echoes of the hills.

Although the judges' decision had not yet been announced, the rumor that owing to her master having struck a sheep before it entered the pen, Lass, to whom the first prize would have been adjudged, was disqualified, had swiftly spread among the men; and by some mysterious means, though Bat had withdrawn from the side of the two women, and stood now, as usual, apart, it reached his ears.

He strode up to the place where four or five of the shepherds formed a separate knot. His glance, as it fell upon them, was so masterful and imperious, that the men, though stoutly attempting to meet it on equal terms, quailed.

"What black work's oop noo?" he demanded in a deep passionate voice. "What's this talk as is gittin' spit aboot, becos nivver yon dares say it reet ott ta me feace? Me Lass is t' yan for t' prize, as ye knaw varra weel, and noo, what's this leein' teale that she's neah ta hev it?"

The group fidgeted, and would have kept silence but that Bat's burning eyes forced an answer. They looked one at the other uneasily.

"'Deed, mon," said the oldest shepherd at last, "ye suld gea ta t' joodges an' nut come ta we. What hev we ta duah wid their findin'?"

"That's neah answer. Is it sa?" asked Bat inexorably.

No one liked to utter the decisive words. It was like inviting a thunder cloud to break upon his head. A cheer rolled up the hill announcing the success of the puppies, but it passed all unheeded by the chafing group. The same man spoke again with an attempt at anger, which seemed to shrivel up before the other's fierceness.

"It joost hangs on t' twacts, an' thoo'lt knaw they best theselt. It thoo tooched t' sheep it was agin t' rools, an' ye needna come to we ta tell ye sa."

"Which ov ye will seay Ah tooched un?" said Black Bat, facing them all with a scowl.

Again there came an uneasy pause, broken by a man with a fine earnest weather-beaten face, who said gravely:

"T' maist ov us cud seay it if we were askit, Bat; bit we held oar peace, an' left it aw ta t' joodges."

"Yan hev spoke," persisted Bat, unmoved. The thin red-haired shepherd who had hitherto kept well in the background, now appeared to have gained courage from the fact that no downright outbreak had taken place, and said in the voice he would use to a refractory child:

"Nay, noo, Bat, dunnet be so dummelheaded. Ah hard that yan o't' joodges wad hev it sa——"

"Which?" interrupted the other in a voice of thunder.

"Ah dunnet reetly knaw," continued the temporizer more eagerly. "Some seay t' yan, an' some t' tudder; 'sane ov us wad gae ta ask. Hoolvver, yan maintained yo'd strook, an' t' tudders had speired nowt, an' sa 'wad hev stood if a strange gennelman hadna pit in 's word."

"Wha's he?"

"Weel, noo, Bat——"

"Wha's he?"

Tom Rigg stepped back a pace, and raised a pointing finger:

"Yon chiel in t' gray."

"Ah knew it, Ah knew it!"

Bat's voice was like the growl of a savage beast, his face was distorted with rage, and the veins on his forehead stood out like whipcord. The men stood regarding him with some curiosity, for now that his anger was transferred, it became a motive power which might be watched and commented upon like any other of the wild forces of nature seen from a safe shelter. What would he do? What outburst would follow?

The dog at his heels seemed conscious of the disturbance, for she drew closer and looked up wistfully, the sympathy in her eyes which was wanting in theirs. As Bat glanced round upon them from under his heavy brows, he may have become conscious of his alien position. He stood for a minute breathing heavily, then without a word, turned on his heel and strode from the group.

An instant relaxation showed itself in the faces of his companions, as words began to flow. The little shepherd called Fred, who was apparently the wag of the party, grinned broad, and indulged in a gesture of contempt at the retreating figure.

"'Deed, an' Ah misdooted wedder he wadna hev flown on us like a kestrel, t' trimmelin' isna oot ov me legs yit. Ah was reet glad, Tam, ye cud lay it on t' strange gennelman, when Ah saw what a furry fed howd on us."

"Bat's yan to kep on t' same side ov t' law wid, if ye dunnet feel like fightin'," returned Tom Rigg oracularly, with easy acceptance of this tribute to his diplomacy. "An' some ov ye knaw na mwore hoo ta manage un than a silly dog fra t' south knaw hoo ta hannel a wilfu' sheep. Ye sud gie him his head, bit first turn his feace t' way ye wad hev him ta gae."

"When t' fits on theear's nobbut Lass dares gae neear. He's aye gude ta t' dog."

"Whativver gar'd un tooch t' sheep?"

"It doosna tek varra lang to ca' un oop in Bat," said Rob Wilson confidentially. He's gane noo widoot a word fur's ceald mudder an' t' girl."

The eyes of the dalesmen turned simultaneously to where the two women stood in forlorn separation from other and more animated groups. The old woman was staring indifferently at the gay figures about her, but the girl's attitude expressed profound dejection, as she gazed after the last retreating Bat. The vagrant dog, young in years, and oppressed with disappointment at finding his gambolling advances repulsed on every side, had, as a last resource, attached himself to her, and with characteristic want of tact, leapt gaily at her listless hand. The men were silent until Fred, perhaps desirous to pass on the charge of foolishness often advanced against himself, said in a tone of contempt:

"Hoolvver yan can be found sa silly as ta tek oop wid Bat, beats meh."

"Shoot oop!" growled his father. "Ye're silly yersel'."

Black Bat, meanwhile, was striding rapidly away, the sombre contraction of his overhanging brows, which, even more than the swarthiness of his complexion, had gained him his name, stronger than ever. Dick Carmichael, watching his approach, noticed with an eye of admiration the free grace of his springy walk, the easy play of limb, the strength of every supple line. He was still aware of that secret antagonism, roused earlier in the day, but it was weighted now with an unreasonable shame which tormented him as keenly as if his conscience carried a real instead of an imaginary burden.

What could he have left unsaid in answer to the direct question which had been forced upon him? He had, indeed, a suspicion that Miss Kennedy had taken a short way out of the difficulty, but he was angry with himself for the very suspicion. As for Bat, if he had liked, or been indifferent to the man, he would have thought less of the matter; his shamed feeling sprang at once from a consciousness of dislike, and from the inequality of position which seemed to give him an unfair advantage. With this in his mind, he stood watching Bat as he came towards him, and he anticipated the anger which the encounter would certainly excite in the shepherd, if, as was probable from the farmer's care to shift the burden of testimony, he knew who turned the scales against him. But although this was in his mind, he was unprepared for the look of deadly hatred which Bat flung upon him as he strode by.

Dick, who had never in his life felt himself called to hate a fellow being, was for the instant appalled by a vindictiveness which troubled itself with no disguise and made no attempt to cover its primitive force by the conventional mask. It was a look charged with furious threat.

The next moment he had passed.

* * * * * *

By the following morning, when Carmichael was early astir, the impressions of the preceding day were sensibly weakened, and he recalled them with some amazement that he should have been so easily moved.

The painter's passionate delight in the beauty about him had him again in its grasp, and men and women seemed for the moment of small account compared with the blossoming of light, the soft insistence of color, the stretches of distance barred by abrupt and solemn peaks.

He was struck afresh, as he had been again and again, by the effect of height produced by these Cumberland mountains as compared with their actual measurement—by the individuality of form, the grandeur of marking, the feeling of enormous age, of strength against which storms had best themselves for more centuries than man can number.

Carmichael's fancies were limited for the moment to sights and sounds. He loitered on his way, now and then stopping to note some subtle interlude of light and shade, as an advancing cloud lastly drifted across the pallid sky; more rarely to sorawl a few suggestive lines in his sketch book.

As he walked he felt the invigoration of the fresh thyme-scented air stealing through his lungs, a magical effervescence which brought with it a sense of almost unbounded power and freedom. The solitude of his world seemed to leave him its master.

The grave silences of the fells were able to drive away the petty turmoil which frets the heart of man. He walked along the springy turf with a delight as keen as if he had suddenly found himself in the lost Garden of Eden, where all was good.

It was not to be expected that this high level of exhilaration should remain, and the first warning he had of its fleeting nature came from an insignificant reminder of the day before; nothing more than a mere clump of lilac and yellow flowers nestling at the foot of a gray stone.

The colors had arrested his eye as he watched Lass driving her unruly sheep, and when they repeated themselves here, the picture of the sagacious dog presented itself in company.

Dick felt another stab of remorse that he should have done anything, however unwittingly, to deprive her of her well-earned reward, and Bat's face, seen through this softened remembrance, became not so much menacing as reproachful.

The prize that had been lost—seven pounds—represented an important sum to a poor shepherd, especially when Miss Kennedy's story was considered, and he began to cast about for a means by which he could convey something in the nature of a five-pound note to the disappointed owner.

But such a frame of mind, though charitable, proved disturbing to that peaceful enjoyment of things about him with which he had begun the day, and he felt impatiently that alien influences were at work.

In vain he tried to rid himself of them, to lose himself once more in the joy of form and color, and to shut out invading human associations. The very effort forced them more palpably upon him.

To mock his endeavor, the solitude, as he climbed, became less complete; he reached small but assertive groups of houses, mournful in color, as if the wind and rain of the fells had made the struggle to hold ground too serious for any attempt at gaiety beyond what was yielded by the kindly lichen on the roofs; and several dalesmen passed him as he went, looking at him with a little curiosity, guessing that he was going up the mountain, and recognising from certain atmospheric signs that his attempt would probably end in failure. The colors were too keen, the distances too close, for their experienced eyes not to read a coming change.

Dick himself might have noted them had his mind been freer from the inopportune impressions of the preceding day. His steps were haunted by vivid pictures of the shepherd's hut, robbed of the hopes which had seemed so near fulfilment; and when, having crossed a beck, climbed a turf hillock, and dropped into the hollow beyond, he went back to the crest to look at some point which had casually struck his fancy, and saw at a short distance below, among scattered gorse bushes, a dog running which looked to him exactly like Lass, he laughed aloud at the persistency with which his thoughts clung to the subject.

The dog was immediately lost to view among the sere leaves of the bracken, no one belonging to her was in sight, and, as he argued, one collie so closely resembled another that his fancy was little short of preposterous.

Slight obstacles which now began to present themselves, succeeded, moreover, in drawing away his attention, and once more he gave himself to the question of the ascent.

Thus, after awhile, the prevailing passion again became dominant. He was walking easily along the zig zag which led to a long ridge, behind which lay the heights and depths he wished to explore.

The sombre tone of the great hills, the gray clouds urged forward by a relentless force, the soft tumult of the solitude, the meeting of earth and sky, were what he would have chosen if choice had rested with him.

Not every one had a chance of seeing the savage aspect of the mountains, and he found something exhilarating in the stern gloom which gathered round him as he climbed. The swift change of color also had its fascination. Hills which at one moment were but mere dots of dun-gray, the next took a purple splendor; sometimes, where light touched the distance, it blossomed under it into a sweet vaporous blue.

The short turf was a dull and monotonous gray-green, but let one pallid streak of sunshine break the veiling clouds, and here was all that was needed to change it to tawny ochre, and to fling upon its slippery surface rich shadows from the jutting rocks. Carmichael's eye wandered over it with thirsty joy, his spirits rising with the exhilaration of the air.

As he went on, climbing now with quickened breath, the prettiness of nature dropped away, and the mighty mass of the mountain with its wreaths of mist loomed sullenly before him.

Dick was aware that the weather added a certain risk to the ascent, but for the life of him he could not have turned back, for he was drawn on by what seemed like an irresistible attraction.

Moreover, with the turmoil of the clouds, there was constant change; they rushed swiftly forward, hiding pike after pike from sight, only to be rent from their hold, and sent tattered and flying on their way, leaving the great flanks bare.

He resolved, at any rate, to push on to the small gate in a low wall of stones which had been given to him as a landmark. From this point, or near it, he would see into the mighty world on the other side.

By the time this was reached, one of the quick changes already spoken of had swept across the hills. The mists, whirled away, disclosed a magnificent outline of mountains, one massive summit lying darkly before him, ridged round by sharp razor-like precipitous edges, and at their feet a great tarn, gleaming like steel, expect where blackened by the reflection of the mighty rocks.

Dick uttered an exclamation, and no more thought of going back presented itself. The gray tones of the sky, the sombre markings of the mountains, the absolute solitude, heightened all the distinctive features of the place, and gave him a sense of having been admitted into some inner and hidden regions of nature.

Besides, the drifting clouds were dispersing, to leave broad spaces of white light in the sky, dazzling in their intensity, and almost startling in their contrasts. He turned at once to the left-hand edge.

Walking soon required a cool head and a sure foot, for the path was not only thread-like but rotten in places, and the stones broke away under his feet, rattling down to the water like a fire of musketry.

But the change from light to shadow, the sudden revealing of distant pikes, and the gathering of mysterious glooms below the precipices, had a fascination which drew him on without a thought of danger—so strongly possessing him at last, that unstrapping a light knapsack which he carried across his shoulders, he pulled out his painting materials, and sitting down, set to work to seize something of the fleeting yet austere beauty.

Before him the strange sharp ridge shot like an arrow down to the lake below; behind, it fell with yet more awful abruptness into depths about which curled phantom vapors.

So absorbed, however, did he grow in the breathless interest of his task, that he hardly flung a thought at the dangers of his position, and if, at times he glanced at the gathering thickness of cloud, it was but to admire its harmony with the savage grandeur of the scene. Fitful sounds swept down from the mountains, the steely gleam of the desolate tarn changed to a leaden hue, and the mists which floated above it quickly became more dense.

How long Carmichael's absorption would have prevented his noticing the menacing signs about him, it is impossible to say. It was suddenly broken in upon by the sharp bark of a dog.

He twisted round to look behind him.

On a ridge, at a distance of some few feet, stood a motionless figure, which he instantly recognized as that of the shepherd who went by the name of Black Bat. He stood there absolutely still, except for the quick heaving of his chest, his head slightly thrown back, and his burning eyes fixed upon the other man with the same glance of concentrated hatred which had before startled Dick.

There was something almost unearthly in this strange silent figure which, for any warning of its approach, might have sprung suddenly out of the mists forming its background—mists the danger of which Dick for the first time realized. Yet his prominent thought was one of admiration.

The free strong lines of the man's attitude, the dark coloring of his clothes, the sombre fury of his face, were so much in keeping with all about him as the turmoil of the clouds, or the black lake locked in the grasp of the upper world.

The dog at his heels moved uneasily backwards on the narrow ridge; but though Dick leapt to his feet, the shepherd remained motionless, resting both hands on the top of a thick stick. Dick was the first to break the silence, in which he felt a strange oppression.

"What has brought you here?" he demanded, eying the man with some irritation.

"Ah've come," replied the other slowly, "ta hev a wurd wid yo—meh an' t' dog."

"A word?" repeated Carmichael. "A word with me? Well, you've chosen a queer place, my man; however, speak away, and look sharp, for, with this storm coming up, I shall get back as fast as I can."

As he spoke he was rapidly stowing his sketch and colors in his knapsack, keeping at the same time an eye upon the immovable figure, for the man's face was charged with threat. He was, nevertheless, unprepared for the next words, spoken with the same slow drawl—

"Yo'll nivver get back."

"Why not?" asked Carmichael, still facing him. "What's to prevent it?"

"Ah will"—slowly. The next instant he had moved a step nearer the other man, his whole form shaking, his face convulsed with passion. "Ye black-herted villain, Ah swooar yisterday Ah'd be rivinged on ye, bit Ah didna think 'twud come as seun! Ah tell ye t' yan av us will nivver gae fra here a leevin' mon, an' Ah dunnet think t' yan that bides 'll be meh."

Dick Carmichael flung an anxious glance round. He was no coward, but if there were to be a struggle, it was impossible not to feel that the very nature of the place must give it a deadly character.

The ragged uneven, razor like edge required wariest walking; one false step was sufficient to hurl down the steep into the dark tarn below, and a wrestle could mean nothing but death—death, no doubt, to both. He had not the stimulus of anger to send the blood boiling through his veins; he regarded Black Bat as a madman, and when he looked round it was with a despairing hope of seeing some means of escape. If he had stood a little higher he might have clung to the ridge itself, but the shepherd stood between him and even this slender hope.

"Do you want to murder me?" he said hoarsely.

"Ah want to fight ye!" the other replied between his teeth.

"You must be mad!" exclaimed Dick, with quick appeal. "I should have been glad if your dog had got the prize, and I owe you no grudge; but I'll fight you as much as you like in a fair field—not here. Can't you see, man, that it would be death to both of us?"

"Sa be it."

"And you've a stick, and fall upon an unarmed man! I call that murder!"

For a second Black Bat hesitated, the next with one turn of his wrist he flung his stick down the terrible slope. It bounded swiftly from point to point till, a mere speck, it plunged into the tarn below. The eyes of both followed its course, and when it had vanished the shepherd looked again into Carmichael's face. His voice had regained its slow drawl.

"Nay, neah murder. Ah teks me chance wid yo. Noa when Ah com't behind Ah could have sent thee spinnin' wid yan stroke if Ah'd willed it, bit Ah bid ye stan' oop like a mon an' fight fur yer life."

There was something even more appalling in this steady relentless statement than in the fury which he had suddenly controlled.

For a moment Carmichael was silent, and in that moment he again became keenly conscious of every sight and sound about him, noticed a deep rift in the naked rock—the seams which then lost themselves in its depth—the gathering gray sweep of cloud; heard the turbulent rush of wind round the mountain flanks, the cry of a great bird, and one ominous thunder-crack driving through duller sounds, and reverberating in the gorges.

Here, then—here in this strange and terrible place he was to die. At the thought rage seized him. Come what might, he would make a stand.

"If you're fool enough to force me to it, I'll fight fast enough; but with all your fine talk of taking your chance, you've contrived to get the upper hand airsady. Is that your fair play?" he asked tauntingly.

Again the fire in the other's eyes flashed ominously; he made a half-forward movement, checked himself, and drew sullenly back.

"Come oop," he said briefly.

Carmichael sprang upon the ridge, higher, though yet more insecure than that on which he had been standing, and faced his enemy. Behind him lay the mountain height, the knife like edge rose up some two or three feet, sharp and thin, to his right, while the outer slope fell precipitously into mists, which boiled up from chasms beneath.

Behind the tall muscular figure of the shepherd, the dog moved restlessly in the narrow space, now and then thrusting her nose against his clenched hand. Once he turned impatiently upon her. "Nay, Lass, thoo diena knaw," he said with sharpness.

Dick's blood was in a giddy whirl; a struggle—anything—would be better than to fall helplessly down those terrible rocks! He pulled the knapsack from his shoulders, dragged off his coat, and set his teeth for the desperate wrestling match, which meant death: and, following his example, the shepherd, with wild triumph in his eyes, opened his own coat and flung back his left arm. As he did so, Carmichael sprang forward.

"The dog!" he cried. "Stop!"

He was too late. Lass at that moment, trying to attract more attention, had leaped on the extreme edge, and the backward sweep of her master's arm, striking her full on the chest, smote her from her insecure footing, and sent her whirling down the steep slope.

One short sharp yelp, and all was silent. Black Bat clutching the stony ridge, leaned over with staring eyes, and a face ghastly in its horror. Carmichael, forgetful of his own danger, pressed forward with him, and tried to pierce the coiling mists below. In vain.

"Come away, Bat," he said at last in a low voice, "come away. The poor beast! I'd give a good deal if we could do anything for her, but——"

At the sound of his voice the shepherd turned upon him the burning eyes which seemed to have already shrunk into great hollow depths. He drew himself back, and pointing along the way by which Dick had already passed, uttered but one stern word—

"Go!"

"Come with me," Dick was beginning, when the other interrupted him.

"Go!" he repeated, "afoar t' bad in meh gits t' ooper hand yance an' fur niver. Yo didna see 't, bit aw t' time ye stood theear, Lass,"—his voice shook—"was beggin' and prayin' meh ta spare ye. She hev give her life fur yoears, an' Ah bid ye gae, for Ah dunnet knaw that Ah can kep me hands aff yoar throat mooch langer. Ah dunnet knaw that Ah cud haud aff noo, bit that Ah've somethin' to do."

Looking at him, Carmichael saw that Black Bat spoke truly. The man was rigid with the tension of unusual self-control; his lips had closed tightly, his hands were clenched, his veins starting; he was as one petrified into the rock on which he stood.

But there was something terrible and impossible in the strain upon himself, it could not last, and at any moment an overpowering impulse might set the tempest of passion free. Without another word Dick passed him by.

* * * * * * *

Dick Carmichael did not reach his little inn until late that evening, and the most

experienced of the dalesmen, when they learnt that the storm had overtaken him on the edge, wondered openly that he should ever have got back at all.

To his other adventures he only alluded briefly, though they were much in his mind. He never forgot his last glimpse of the shepherd, through the cloud, which in another minute had blotted it out; his figure was still motionless and rigid, but his head had drooped forward, and the forlorn misery of the attitude struck the other man with sharp pity.

He turned to go back, but in an instant, the mists had shrouded Bat, and a rush of shrieking wind almost swept Dick from his feet. How, indeed, blinded by rain and vapors and battered by the storm, he succeeded in making his way along the perilous path, he never knew; and the dalesmen had better reasons for wonder than they guessed, for he said little.

He admitted, however, that he had met Black Bat on the mountain, and described the death of the dog, without entering into details. That the shepherd should have traveled so far from home was in itself a surprising thing, but the fame of Lass had spread, and the accident stirred the hearers to quick sympathy.

"Lass Fred was joost fa' ov her t' tudder day; she's t' only yan Bat cares for, an' Ah'm thinkin' wedder he's no' gaen down after t' pooar beast," said a gray-haired man tentatively.

"He'll no' be scooh a dunder-head!" exclaimed another.

Carmichael listened anxiously, for the same thought had been gnawing at his heart, and when messengers sent to the old woman's hut brought back word that the shepherd had not returned, and that the girl was wandering about like a ghost, he set to work immediately to organize search parties.

It was not until many had gone up and come back, that they found him. Evidently he had made the attempt to reach Lass, from some wild hope that she might yet be living, and had fallen headlong on a rocky ledge. Death must have been instantaneous, and, strangely enough, had taken him to the very place he sought, for Lass lay only a few feet below.

She lies at his feet still.

## THE RIGHT OF ENTRY.

When a privileged person gains admission anywhere as soon as he is recognised by the door-keeper, he is said to "go in on his face." In one instance it was a mark on his face that passed a certain applicant in.

A middle-aged Frenchman, distinguishing himself by great bravery during the Franco-Prussian war, was wounded by a sabre cut down the left cheek. Returning, covered with glory, to his native town, a public reception was accorded to him.

Amongst others who attended the meeting in his honor were the proprietors of several theatres and other places of entertainment. Unanimously they put the gallant hero on their free lists; and until he died the soldier went in without paying wherever he showed his scar.

Amongst other curious societies, clubs have from time to time been formed in different parts of the world by men who have had bullets extracted from their bodies.

Only individuals who have been so operated upon are eligible for membership; and their badge of association is the actual leaden pellet that at one time they carried in their flesh instead of their pockets.

Tattoo marks have frequently been used as passes. Members of secret societies will have a small distinguishing mark tattooed inside the upper arm, and, unless well known, will be obliged to exhibit this are joining in any meeting.

A club composed of Spanish students devoted to the practice of excessive cigarette-smoking, admitted anyone to membership who possessed two peculiar qualifications.

They must, on seeking admission to the precincts of the club, say a few words to the man at the door, and then emit smoke from the lips, to prove that they could inhale it; and they were also required to exhibit two fingers of the right hand stained yellow by cigarette holding.

Somewhat similar was the Teutonic gathering of enthusiastic votaries of the pipe. The ticket of admittance took the form of a well-colored meerschaum, slight and in use in the time when the member passed in.

Probably the most peculiar pass ever employed was used by an association of ship gangers, in order to make sure that none but genuine "mates" should gain admittance to their conferences.

They were all employed in timber carrying; and it is a fact that in this work no man can excel and really become one of the brotherhood till he has a "hummie" on the back of his neck. "This "hummie" is a hard growth, the result of long friction, and is of wonderful assistance to the ganger in properly balancing a plank.

Clubs whose members are all men boasting some similar personal peculiarity, have existed since a very early period. An English fat men's "Sixteen Club" boasted sixteen stone or two hundred and twenty-four pounds.

It met about once a month; and on that day each man was weighed, his ticket recording that operation and duly dated, constituting his card of admission. If, losing weight, the ticket denoted but fifteen stone odd, entry was to that individual barred; and unless at the next date of meeting he had succeeded in making up the adipose deficit, he was promptly "fired out" of the weighty society.

Iron tips and plates on the soles of the boots exhibited in proof of the fact that their wearer was too poor to use his footgear without such metallic protectors, were the token that passed a workman into one mechanics' league.

Every man, as he entered the club portal, held up his foot for inspection. Old snuff-boxes were used as tickets of admission to an antiquarian society, and old "Apostle" spoons employed in like manner in a "Folk-lore Society."

A present-day coterie of gentlemen interested in horse-riding adopts a very neat little article as its member's pass. This is a horse-shoe nail made exact to pattern in silver, hall-marked, and bearing its owner's number in the club, and very easily carried in the waistcoat pocket.

Tickets admitting to state and civic functions are sometimes so large and so luxuriously illuminated, that they are afterwards framed and preserved by their fortunate recipients as mementoes.

At a certain provincial celebration that was held not very long ago, the invitations, "to be shown at the door," were of such ample size, that only by folding them into three could they be comfortably got into the coat-pocket. Against this, there is, at the present day, a well known athletic ground, the members' pass for which measures only an inch and a quarter square.

## ABOUT PAPER FURNITURE.

Some drawing rooms, even in fashionable circles abroad, it is said, are veritable specimens of bogus art. Imitation furniture is turned out to such perfection that its shortcomings are not noticeable at a glance.

The guests of a certain society belle wondered why their hostess did not include music in her entertainments. She was reputed to be a brilliant pianoforte player, but, beyond a banjo or mandolin solo nothing in the form of musical pastime was offered.

Yet the lady possessed two beautiful "pianos," one of which appeared to be of choicest ebony with silver mounts. It was observed, however, that the lids were always kept down, and huge pots containing palms and ferns guarded the fronts of both instruments.

When pressed for an explanation, the owner burst into tears, and confessed that she had never permitted the pianos to be played on since her mother's death; she could not endure anything so painfully reminiscent.

Naturally, the guests sympathized; but one inquisitive young lady discovered the pathetic heroine's real reason—both pianos were artful imitations, being made of compressed paper beautifully enamelled to imitate the natural woods. Keys and musical interiors had they none, and the lids would not open simply because they were a part of the article itself; hence the careful walling round of palm-pots.

There is a certain imposing house in an aristocratic suburb that bristles with deceptive furniture. The panels of doors and corridors are covered with paper, exquisitely printed to represent oak, and hiding woodwork of everyday quality. Artfully varnished, the mock veneering deceives the closet observer.

Originally, real oaken passages and doors were features of this residence, but reduced circumstances at last compelled the owner to sell the timber—which was fine quality and quite unique in its graining—after which common wood treated in the above fashion was employed; and few outside the intimate friends of the family are aware of the substitution.

One or two huge wardrobes and cabinets—also disposed of—were replaced by elaborate erections of similar construction, but fashioned out of paper, the beautiful wood markings being introduced while the mixture was in the pulpy state.

Papier-mache panels are frequently employed, even by fastidious people, for halls, corridors, and corners where light is not freely admitted. Boards of this kind have been brought to such a degree of excellence that, for everything save utility, they are practically as good as the genuine article.

To curtail expense, one smart entertainer has balustrades of compressed paper so superbly fashioned that it is hard to convince one of their true nature, the heavily carved rails resembling so perfectly the finest mahogany.

Many of her friends have envied a certain well-known lady the possession of a handsome bureau; but probably their enthusiasm would not be so great if they were informed that the article was but a masterpiece of the bogus cabinetmaker's art.

This elaborate affair is apparently of walnut, and perfect in polish and markings. Brass handles and bevelled glass panels glorify the structure, and it wears an aspect of value. Its chief reason for existence, however, is to fill an inartistic crevice which had defied all attempts at concealment.

A well-known actor has an occasional room entirely furnished with deceptive article. There is not a piece of wood in the whole construction; writing-table, cabinets, bookcases all being of paper, while many are things of mere front and sides, but presenting quite a luxurious appearance.

Even the flower-pots—seemingly valuable Dresden—are paper, but cunningly treated to present a porcelain surface; and a collection of formidable looking firearms over the fireplace is of the same material. Yet, when the electric light is turned on, the chamber seems furnished in regal fashion.

BUILT OF SPECTACLE FRAMES.—A home constructed of spectacle frames was taken possession of not very long ago, and confiscated as stolen property. It was built at Bombay, and not one of the glittering frames used in its fashioning was procured by legitimate means. The story of the discovery of the dwelling is well vouched for.

The manager of the business establishment of a firm of opticians in Bombay found that a number of gold, silver, and steel spectacle frames had disappeared. His first thought, naturally, was that some of the workmen had stolen them, and orders were given that none but himself should enter the room where they were stored.

Notwithstanding this precaution the spectacle frames continued to disappear, and the manager was at a loss to account for the thefts. But one day, while attending to his work, he was startled by the sound of flapping wings, and looking toward the window, he discovered the thief.

This was no other than a crow, which, when it had picked up a frame in its beak, flew away in the direction of a building used by another business firm.

Permission having been obtained, the roof of this building was searched, and it was found that with its stolen property the bird had constructed for itself a singularly ingenious and beautiful nest.

So cleverly had the gold and silver frames been woven in, and so glittering a structure had they made, that it was decided to keep the nest intact for a time, and before the materials were taken apart the nest was photographed. In all, eighty-four frames had been used by the builder, and the value of the nest was about $250

THROUGH life man is liable to error, and requires check, rebuke, and counsel. He should be his own good spirit, hovering over himself in moments of passion, temptation, and danger, and reminding himself that he owes a duty to his Maker, with which the opinions and consequences of the world have nothing to do. Life, in regard to the earth, is a passing dream. The reality is the hereafter.

## Bric-a-Brac.

BY THE HANDFUL.—One mode of selling turquoises at the great Russian fair held at Nijni Novgorod is curious. A person, on payment of a fixed sum, is allowed to plunge his hand into a bagful of the gems, and to become the possessor of as many as he can grasp.

NAMING THE CHILD.—Inconvenient names are often given to helpless children but a strange custom among the mothers of Japan is to name their children after the first object which the eyes of the mother happen to rest upon after the babe is born. Thus in one village there are children named respectively "Dustpan," "Brush," "Cup," and "Kettle."

ODD GEOGRAPHICAL NOMENCLATURE.—These are the names by which the Chinese know other countries. France is "Fa Kwo," the law-abiding country; Germany is "Te Kwo," the virtuous country; America is "Mei Kwo," the beautiful country; England is "Ying Kwo," the flourishing country, and Italy is the country of justice, "I Kwo." These names however are not bestowed upon the countries by China; but the various foreign countries, when making treaties, chose the monosyllables which form their names, the name being chosen "for moral effect."

ORIGIN OF A NAME.—It is said that Basil Valentine, a monk of Erfurth, Germany, while engaged in his alchemical labors, threw some of the preparations of anatomy where pigs had access to the mixture with their food; and having observed that after becoming sick they rapidly fattened; he thought that his friends might profit by the same treatment, and so fed them in like manner with the swine; but, to his disappointment, found that what was good for the pigs was bad for the monks, for they died; and so the metal obtained the name of antimoine, antimonk, antimony.

SOMEWHAT PECULIAR.—There are people with peculiar names all over the world; but this country leads. Without diving any deeper than the records of the Patent Office, where the names are sure to be registered correctly, we can find as an attorney a W. B. Argue, while a Mr. Meatyard applied for a patent on a meat saw. The name of Car Clarapede as an applicant for a patent on a car-heater, and Mr. Lightsinger has invented a harmonium. Mr. Preserved Fish is also an applicant, and Mr. Lazarus Fried is an inventor of toy watches. Messrs. Mustard, Morningstar, Only, Turnipseed, Rainwater, Walkup, Shirtsleeve, Earlywine, Shortneck, Earwig, and Sloppy are also applicants.

"BLUE BLOOD."—"Blue blood" in the sense of aristocratic blood, is from the Spanish sangre azul. Before the invasion of the Moors the king and nobles of Spain were almost without exception descendants of the Gothic conquerors of the peninsula, who retained the blonde hair and the pale complexion of the German race. Among the fair haired people the veins of the skin are usually visible, on the hand as well as upon the forehead. They appear of a bluish tint, while the blood-vessels of the dark-haired race, with olive colored complexion, cannot be seen through the skin. The ignorant masses of the subjugated tribes believed the blood of the blonde races to be really blue. Speaking of families of "blue blood" meant the ruling class, the aristocracy of the nation.

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The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia

### IN OTHER DAYS.

BY M. E. S.

We stood beneath the cherry tree,
Its flow'rs were white as drifted snow;
You raised your shy sweet eyes to me.

Light winds blew o'er the sunlit sea,
The streamlets murmured sweet and low;
We stood beneath the cherry tree.

The butterfly, the bird, the bee
Were hov'ring in the sunshine's glow;
You raised your shy sweet eyes to me.

We never dreamt what life should be,
We thought not then of pain or woe;
We stood beneath the cherry tree.

Ah, beauty fades, and joy must flee—
Perchance 'twas well we should not know!
You raised your shy sweet eyes to me.

Else hope had vanished speedily,
When, on that morning long ago,
We stood beneath the cherry tree,
You raised your shy sweet eyes to me.

# WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRISTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(CONTINUED).

THAT same evening, Mr. Bright happened to be at Leafmore station. He was going to the next one down the line to see one of the tenants; and he was getting into the train, when he stopped and started back; for Lord Gaunt alighted from the first-class carriage next that which Bright was about to enter.

Bright stared at him speechlessly, as the train slowed away from the station.

"Lord Gaunt!" he gasped.

Gaunt extended his hand with a smile. He was thin and very brown, but he looked well and extremely fit, as if the privations under which he had gone had not told upon the Herculean strength which seemed the birthright of his race.

"Surprised you, eh, Bright?" said Gaunt, as Bright wrung his hand.

"I'd not the least idea!" stammered Bright, overwhelmed with astonishment and delight.

"I meant to wire," said Gaunt, "but I only had time to catch the train."

"When did you come back, and are you quite well?" asked Bright. "I'm so confused!"

Gaunt smiled, and laid his hand upon Bright's shoulder.

"I reached London last night; and I'm perfectly well, thanks. You're looking very well, Bright, I'm glad to see."

"There's no carriage," said Bright, confusedly. "Shall I get a fly?"

"Don't trouble," said Gaunt. "I want to go to the Hall to get my old rifle and one or two things; we'll walk, if you don't mind. I've been cooped up in the train and on board ship so long that I shall be glad to stretch my legs."

They left the station, and proceeded in the direction of Leafmore, Bright wiping his brow, and now and again looking from right to left in a bewildered way.

"This is such a surprise, Lord Gaunt," he said. "But I needn't tell you how glad I am to see you—how glad they will all be to see you back safe and sound. Of course, we have read all about the expedition in the papers. It's been a wonderful success!"

"Well, I suppose it has," said Gaunt, quietly. "We have traced the river to its source, and connected it with a couple of lakes big enough to hold the natives of the world; and we have opened up a new channel for British commerce. Oh, yes, it has been a success, I suppose."

"And now I hope you have come home to settle down, Lord Gaunt," said Bright earnestly. "You have done quite enough for your country, and I trust will rest upon your laurels."

Gaunt smiled rather wearily.

"I've only come back for a few things, Bright," he said. "I return to Africa by the next vessel. Where can I stay to-night? I should like to sleep at the Hall, if I can."

"Certainly—certainly!" replied Bright. "There are some servants there, and the place is in order. I thought it possible that you might come back at any moment, and I have been prepared; but you won't think of leaving us again, Lord Gaunt?"

"I must," said Gaunt. "I'm sorry."

Bright sighed. As they reached the village, Gaunt looked round, with evident interest.

"You have completed all the improvements, Bright, I see," he said. "There are the new schools, and the cottages. They look comfortable."

"Yes, my Lord," said Bright. "Everything has been done, I hope, as you wished it; and I need not say that the people are very grateful. The place is quite changed. It is a model village. And we have to thank you and Miss Deane for it."

At the mention of Decima's name, Gaunt winced, and his face grew grave, and he was silent for the rest of the way.

Their appearance at the Hall created a sensation and a commotion. Gaunt spoke to some of the old servants, and, with Bright, went straight to the library.

"Now, just tell me all the news, Bright," he said. "Don't forget that I've only just landed, that I am a stranger in the land. How is everybody? How is—how are the Deanes? How is Miss Deane?" He turned away to the window as he spoke.

"They are very well," replied Bright. "Bobby is at Sandhurst—"

"I am very glad!" said Gaunt. "He will make a capital soldier. And—Miss Deane?" His face was still turned away.

"She is very well," answered Bright. "I saw her this morning. She is still the guardian and ministering angel of the place."

Gaunt nodded.

"And—and—is she still unmarried?"

"Oh, yes," said Bright, with a smile; "but that's entirely her fault. She has had two offers, to my knowledge. But I don't think she will remain single long."

Gaunt sank into a chair, and sat with downcast eyes.

"Why do you think so?" he asked, moving the books on the table mechanically.

"I think she will be Lady Illminster before long," said Bright. "His lordship has been paying her a great deal of attention lately, and it is evident that he is very much in love with her."

"Illminster?" said Gaunt, looking up quickly, and with a tightening of the lips. "Who is he? I forget. What sort of a man is he?"

"He came into the title on the death of his uncle, since you left. He is a very nice young fellow, and in every way desirable."

"I am very glad," said Gaunt, in a low voice. "And you think that Miss Deane will accept him?"

"I think so," said Mr. Bright. Then he began to talk about the estate. Gaunt listened, but absently, and presently he rose, and said:

"I think I will go and change, Bright. It will be quite pleasant to get into evening dress. You will dine with me to-night?"

Mr. Bright accepted. Gaunt rose and left the room, and Mr. Bright went and interviewed the cook. The result was a very nice little dinner, which Mr. Bright would have enjoyed if Lord Gaunt had displayed any interest in it; but Gaunt seemed to have little or no appetite.

He seemed disinclined to talk, though quite willing to listen to all that Mr. Bright had to say. Whenever Mr. Bright referred to the Deanes Gaunt was attention itself; but other subjects attracted little of his attention.

Bright endeavored to draw Lord Gaunt on the subject of the exploration; but Gaunt courteously refused to be drawn. He made light of the privations and perils which the expedition had gone through, and said nothing of his own share in the undertaking. Anyone listening to him would have thought that the affair was quite a commonplace business—unworthy of notice.

Bright, at last, said "Good night."

"I shall see you in the morning, Lord Gaunt?" he said.

"Oh, yes," said Gaunt. "But I shall go by the early train."

When Bright had gone, Gaunt left the room and went on the terrace, with a cigarette.

So, she was going to be married to Lord Illminster. And why not? He hoped that the young fellow was all that Mr. Bright had described him. He hoped that he would be worthy of her. Ah, no! No man could be worthy of his girl-love—of his Decima!

He went down the steps from the terrace, and sauntered through the park into the road. From there he could just see the chimneys of the Woodbines.

She was there—asleep; and he was here. But what a wide gulf yawned between them!

And she was going to be married! Ah, well, that was quite right. It was as it should be. She was young and beautiful, and this young fellow—well, it was right that she should marry, one who was young and well-favored. A wave of bitterness swept over him.

He tried to crush down the love of her that rose in his heart. He would go in the morning; he would not see her. He would go back to Africa to meet the death which would come sooner or later—sooner, he hoped.

As he turned away towards the hall he saw a sharp light spring into the sky. It seemed to come from the spot at which he had been gazing, from the Woodbines.

He stopped, and looked earnestly in the direction of the light. It grew and expanded, and there was the sound of an explosion.

He ran up the hill, and looked earnestly, anxiously, in the direction of the flames, for there were flames now, and the sky was red above the spot from which they sprang.

It was fire—and at the Woodbines!

He set off running.

CHAPTER XL.

GAUNT ran across the lawn, and, climbing the park fence, got into the road. As he went, he was hoping that it might not be the Woodbines, but a hay-stack or rick near it; but, when he had gone another hundred yards or so, he saw that it was the Deanes' house that was on fire.

Several other persons were running in the same direction, and, by the time he had gained the front gate, a crowd had collected, and was shouting and rushing about excitedly.

Gaunt pushed his way through, and caught a man, the nearest to him, by the arm.

"Are they all out—safe?" he asked.

Before the man could reply, Mr. Bright came running down the path from the burning house.

"Is that you, Lord Gaunt?" he panted, then turned, and addressed the crowd. "Some of you run down to the farm and bring up a ladder—the longest you can find; bring two, and some rope! Has anyone gone for the engine?"

"Yes—yes, sir!" replied a voice.

"Are they all out, Bright?" demanded Gaunt. He spoke quietly and calmly enough, but he looked from Bright to the house with a terrible anxiety.

"I—I don't know! I have only just arrived," replied Bright. "I saw you get over the fence. The servants are out and safe. I saw them just now—there they are; and Mr. Deane—he was here just now."

"And Decima—Miss Deane?" said Gaunt, impatiently.

Mr. Bright shook his head.

"I haven't seen her! Has anyone seen Miss Deane?" he shouted.

There was a silence, as the crowd looked from one to the other; then the cook pushed her way up to Bright, wringing her hands, and crying.

"Oh, where is the young mistress—where is Miss Decima?" she wailed. "I can't find her! We—we thought she had come out with us; but I can't find her in the crowd."

Gaunt took her by the shoulder.

"Don't be afraid," he said quietly. "Tell me—which room?"

The girl stopped wailing and crying for a moment.

"The back room—at the top, my lord. Miss Decima is sleeping there for a night or two; her own room is being done up."

"Show me!" said Gaunt, quickly. She ran round to the back of the house, and pointed to a window of the top room.

"That's it, my lord! Oh, my poor, young mistress."

The night had grown dark, and a slight drizzle had commenced. The fire had not reached the back of the house as yet, though it was spreading rapidly, and he could not see anything at the window. He noticed that there were iron bars to it; the room had been used as a nursery by a former tenant.

Gaunt shouted "Decima!" but no answer came, and he ran round to the front again. The house was an old one, and, having been built when timber was cheap, and jerry building unknown, there was plenty of wood in it. The flames had caught at the thick beams and quarterings, and the whole of the front of the house was a sheet of fire.

One of the men had brought an axe and broken in the front door, and the draught was driving the fire up the staircase, and through the lower rooms, fiercely.

But Gaunt did not hesitate a moment. Decima might have escaped, and be safe somewhere in the crowd, but he would not leave it to chance. He meant going into the house. Putting his arm up before his eyes, he ran towards the door.

Bright saw him, and sprang forward.

"Where are you going, my lord?" he demanded. "You can't go inside—it's impossible!"

"Have you found Miss Deane?" asked Gaunt, over his shoulder.

"No!" said Bright. "But you can't go in—it's certain death!"

Gaunt broke from him, and ran into the house. A volume of flame and smoke surrounded him, and shut him from Bright's sight. The crowd roared with excitement, and yelled, "Come back! Come back!" and some of the women screamed.

Gaunt, with his face covered by his arm, blundered to the bottom of the staircase, and looked up. The flames had traveled through the first floor, and were licking round the balustrades of the landing; the smoke was so thick that he could see nothing but the flames.

"Decima!" he called, "Decima!"

There was no answer, and, half blinded and suffocated, he was about to rush up the stairs when they fell away from the landing with a dull crash.

The smoke and dust rendered it impossible for him to see anything for a moment and well-nigh stifled him; but presently he thought he heard a voice above the roar of the fire, and the cracking of the wood-work, and, opening his eyes, he saw a white figure standing on the landing above him.

"Decima!" he said, under his breath, and for a second he was paralyzed by fear; for the first time in his life! It was only for a second; the next he was himself again.

"Decima!" he cried to her, "Decima! Can you see—hear me?"

A tongue of flame shot up between them, and they could see each other plainly. He saw her start, and hold out her arms to him, heard her cry out his name; and he held out his arms to her, intending to tell her to jump.

He checked the command that sprang to his lips. In the uncertain light, in her terror, she might miss him, or jump short, and if she did so, she would inevitably injure herself.

"Decima, can you hear me?"

"Yes yes!" she cried back to him; and her voice, though quick and trembling, was free from any frenzy of terror. "Go back! Oh, go, go! You cannot save me!"

He laughed fiercely.

"Can I not? I can, and I will save you! Do not be afraid. Go back. Look! Are the stairs above you safe yet?"

She glanced upwards.

"Yes; I—I think so! Oh, yes. Pray, pray go! The fire is all round you! I can see it!"

"Go up to the top room—the one at the back!" he shouted "Let me see you go! Quick!"

She paused a moment, and looked down at him. Surely, it was not terror on the white face which the flames lit up so plainly, not terror alone, but an indefinable tenderness and joy!

"Go!" he repeated, almost sternly. "There is not a moment to lose! I will save you! Go to the window, but do not break it—the draught——"

She understood, and, with another glance at him, she sprang up the top stairs.

Gaunt turned, and fought his way through the flames and smoke into the open air. Half a dozen men seized him, and dragged him away from the house, and beat out the sparks and spots of fire which smouldered on his clothes. His face was black, his hair scorched, and he was almost blinded by the smoke.

"All right!" he said, shaking himself free from the anxious, kindly hands. "She is safe—as yet. The ladder?"

"It's here!" cried Bright. "Are you hurt?"

"No, no! Take it round to the back—the window with the bars! Quick!" said Gaunt. He was cool and self-possessed, but his lips trembled.

They tore round to the back with the ladder, and set it up against the house; but the ladder would not quite reach the window.

Gaunt looked up. Some ivy was growing against its side, and he thought he could manage to reach the window.

He sprang to the ladder, but Bright and some of the other men grabbed at him.

"No, no, you can't do it, my lord! Wait, for goodness sake, wait until we've tied the smaller ladder on to this one!"

"You can do that when I'm up!" said Gaunt, quietly. "I can reach the window by the ivy. Let me go, please!"

He pushed Bright aside, and tore off his coat, with his foot on the ladder. Then he ran up. They held the ladder firmly, and gazed up at him with white scared faces. When he had gained the top rung, he twisted his hands in the ivy as high above his head as possible, and drew himself up.

For a moment or two he hung by this frail support, and the crowd, as they

stared up at him, gave a kind of sob and gasp. Then they saw him loosen one hand, and reach for the window sill.

"He'll never do it!" exclaimed a voice below. "He'll fall—drop like a stone! Someone get some blankets, something to catch him!"

But Gaunt's strength was Herculean, and it was backed by that cool courage which has made the Caucasian master of half the world. He raised himself inch by inch, got a grip with his other hand, and presently had one knee on the window sill. The crowd sent up a wild cheer; but there was terror and apprehension in it as well as admiration.

Fortunately the sill was one of the wide, old-fashioned ones, and Gaunt found it possible to kneel on it. As he did so, he saw Decima. There was only the glass between their two faces: hers white and strained with terror—for him, not for herself—his black and grimed with smoke.

He smiled at her encouragingly, and spoke her name. Then he gripped one of the bars, and tore it away, and, with a cry of warning to those below, flung it down.

The second bar came away as easily, but the last held fast. It had been nailed with clamp nails, and resisted all his efforts for a time; and he could not put forth all his strength for fear of losing his balance and falling. Every moment was precious.

He saw a gleam of light behind Decima, and knew that it was the flames which had reached the top story and would take hold of the room itself presently.

Clinging to the side of the window, he exerted all the force he dared, and the bar came away suddenly, so suddenly that he staggered and swayed; and the spectators beneath groaned and shouted warningly.

"Open the window, now!" he said, to Decima.

With trembling hands she obeyed, and the next instant he was in the room, and she was in his arms. For a space she hid her face on his breast, and a convulsive sob shook her; then, with her hands clinging to his shoulders, she looked up at him.

"You will be killed! Oh, why have you done it—risked——?"

His eyes met hers calmly, with even a smile, but he did not kiss her, though he held her tightly for this second or two.

"We shall be all right," he said, quietly. "Don't be afraid; do just as I tell you!"

"I am not afraid with you—I am not afraid now!" she panted. "Is it really you? Or am I dead and—and——?" She gazed up at him with wide eyes, and her hands touched him, pressed upon his shoulders, as if she wished to assure herself of the reality of his presence.

"You are not dead—and not going to die, please God!" he said, quietly. "Now, you will do as I tell you. Come to the window—don't look down. Stand there, with your face towards me!"

She obeyed. He sprang to the bed, and, tearing off the clothes, tied the sheets and counterpane together into a rope. The end of this he passed under her arms, and knotted securely.

"Oh, what—what are you going to do?" she breathed.

He smiled.

"Let you down—into safety," he said. "Get up on the window." He lifted her on to the sill. "Now, kneel down. Good! Hold my arm. Now shut your eyes, and do not open them until you are safe on the ground beneath."

He leant forward from the window to tell those below what he was about to do; but there was no need; Mr. Bright had guessed at it; and he and another, a strong young fellow, were already on the ladder, waiting to receive her.

"Now, let go your hands," said Gaunt, in Decima's ear. "Don't open your eyes, and do not cling to anything. Just let yourself go. Can you do it? Ah, but you can! You will be brave!"

"I will do anything, everything, you tell me!" she panted. "But you?"

"Never mind me. I am all right," he said, impatiently. "Are you ready?"

She opened her eyes and looked at him; the look which a woman gives the man she loves, the man who is coolly and calmly risking his life to save hers; the look no pen, however graphic and eloquent, can hope to describe; then she closed her eyes again, and, gradually loosening her hold, folded her arms across her breast.

Gaunt lowered her slowly and gently. Her slight figure swayed to and fro, but he set his foot against the wall and steadied the linen rope, and so lowered her gently until she was grasped by the eager hands upstretched for her.

A wild, enthusiastic cheer rose hoarsely from a hundred throats, the women shrieked with relief and joy; and Gaunt, as he saw her surrounded and darted at by the crowd, smiled, and drew a long breath of relief and gratitude.

She was safe!

"Come down! Come down!" rose the shout from every voice. "Quick! The fire——!"

He put his knee on the sill and looked over. As he did so, a tongue of flame shot out from a window beneath him. The fire had reached the back of the house.

Decima had been only just in time. She was safe, and the thought, the joy of it, filled Gaunt with a kind of exhilaration. He had conducted and carried through many a forlorn hope, but no success had ever given him such satisfaction as this.

"Come down!" shouted the crowd; and one man, in his excitement, screamed out an oath.

Gaunt stepped on to the sill, and was about to lower himself, but the flames beneath him curled round the ladder, and he saw that it had caught fire.

He hesitated; the crowd groaned and yelled. He saw Decima—her figure, in its white dressing robe, lit up by the flames—break from a group of women and spring to the foot of the ladder.

She stood with her face and arms uplifted to him, and he could almost fancy that he saw her lips move. He heard the burning ladder crackle, and hiss as the flames licked it. Then he did the only foolish thing he had done.

He left the window and ran to the door of the room. But the fire had obtained a firm hold on the upper landing, and no one could hope to pass through it and live.

He returned to the window, and, without further hesitation, lowered himself by the ivy to the ladder and began to descend. But the few seconds—they were scarcely more than five—had permitted the flames to eat through the ladder, and his weight broke it off at the burnt part.

He fell, clutching at the sides of the ladder, but his weight was too great for the strain, and he came down to the ground with a dull, heavy thud which smote every soul with horror and pity.

He was conscious for a moment, and in that space of time he knew that a white-robed figure was kneeling beside him, that its hands were holding him to its bosom; then all became blank.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Blow for Freedom.

BY S. E. W.

"MR. DOUBLEDAY DIDDLEWICK!"

In her tender moments she called him "Dubby." There was nothing much to fear when she addressed him by his surname.

But when, as in the present instance, his better and bigger half took the trouble to start at the beginning, Mr. Doubleday Diddlewick prepared for the worst.

"Yes, dear!" he responded meekly.

"I have a word or two to say."

Mr. Diddlewick, with the air of a condemned prisoner, intimated that he was listening.

"When, in the madness of youth, I married an idiot——"

"My dear!" protested Mr. Diddlewick feebly.

"Silence, sir! How dare you interrupt! I was remarking that when I married you I had no intention of allowing you to have matters all your own way. I have had a great deal of trouble with you, but signs are not wanting that, after five-and-twenty years of married life, you are beginning to understand me. I was born to rule, and in an emergency like the present, I take the reins as a matter of course."

Mr. Diddlewick reflected with a sigh that married life had been one long "emergency" for him—his wife having had a firm grip of the reins from the very first.

"To come to the point," continued Mrs. Diddlewick; "Colonel Blazer is in love with our daughter. Following the usual —though, in the present instance, unnecessary—custom, he will to-night seek 'papa's consent.' This you will give——"

"But, my dear," protested Mr. Diddlewick, "Dolly detests the fellow."

"Another example of the folly of youth, to which I alluded a moment ago," went on Mrs. Diddlewick. "I made a blunder, and am determined that Dolly shall not do the same. Of course, there's young Campbell to consider.

"He has been dancing attendance on her some time, and I dare say we—or rather you—have encouraged him. However, I will see Mr. Campbell, and I don't think we shall have any more trouble in that direction. You have simply to accede to the colonel's wish, fix the date as early as possible, and——"

"Hang the colonel!" ejaculated Mr. Diddlewick with a suddenness that startled himself and rendered his wife speechless for the moment.

"I mean, my dear," he added hesitatingly, as his unwonted courage forsook him, "I dare not do it! Dolly will——"

"Dolly will obey me, Mr. Diddlewick —even as you do!"

There was a suspicious tremor on the lips of his wife, and Mr. Diddlewick hastened to assure her that, of course, he fell in with her views.

Satisfied with her victory, the ruler of the household expressed her intention of taking a spin on her bicycle, and Mr. Diddlewick was left to his thoughts. It was not until the front door banged that he jumped to his feet.

"Oh," he moaned, as he stamped about the room, tragically bringing down his fist and a valuable vase at the same time. "Oh, I could—I could——" with a cautious peep through the window to make sure that his wife had left the house—"I could swear! But I won't! No! I'll see Dolly!"

Mr. Diddlewick did so, and his subsequent behavior may be attributed to the circumstances.

* * * * * * *

"Yes, Mr. Diddlewick, I am a bachelor. For sixty years I have kept the fair sex at a distance. Somehow or other, I never felt the necessity of a wife till now."

Mr. Diddlewick did not move. Half buried in a huge easy chair, he seemed lost in thought.

"Happy man!" he murmured reflectively—and audibly—"Happy man! And yet the old fool isn't satisfied!"

"Mr. Diddlewick!" gasped the colonel.

"Eh? What?" ejaculated Mr. Diddlewick, rising hurriedly. "Pardon me, colonel, truth, like murder, will out. Matrimony is an awful thing for a sane man to contemplate. However, you want Dolly? Take her, colonel, take her—and Heaven forgive me for the wrong I do you!"

Colonel Blazer started back as if he had been shot. What did it all mean? Was his proposed father-in-law a lunatic?"

"I really don't understand you, Mr. Diddlewick?" he stammered.

"Oh, don't you?" responded the other with a nervous laugh. "Dolly will soon teach you what I mean. Look at me, sir! What I am you bid fair to become! After five-and-twenty years of matrimony, do I look happy?"

Mr. Diddlewick certainly did not, though a grim smile played for a moment on his features as he caught the sound of a stealthy step in the anteroom.

"I repeat, sir," he continued, "do I look happy? But enough of this! You want my daughter? I am only the mouthpiece of another, and my instructions are to get rid of her as quickly as possible. Will you take her with you or shall we send her on?"

"Mr. Diddlewick!" gasped the astounded old warrior, with a stealthy glance towards the door. "Are—are you mad?"

"There's no doubt about it, sir," coolly responded Diddlewick. "However, I am no worse than the rest of the family. We're all a bit touched, I fancy! Dolly, of course, is young yet, and may outgrow it, but her mother——"

Diddlewick tapped his forehead impressively.

Nervously clutching his hat, the colonel backed slowly towards the door.

Before he reached it, however, the door at the other end of the apartment opened. The curtains were torn down, and Mrs. Diddlewick, blazing with righteous wrath, swooped down on her lord and master.

"What did I tell you?" hoarsely demanded that individual of the colonel, as he dived under the table and evaded his wife's rush. "Mad as a hatter!"

The ensuing five minutes will long be remembered by the colonel. With threats and tears, Mrs. Diddlewick chased her flying spouse, whose activity and resourcefulness were truly amazing.

In one mad rush the colonel was precipitated over an ottoman.

"Fly! Fly for your life!" whispered Diddlewick in his ear as he picked himself up.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Colonel Blazer, as Dolly, followed closely by her lover, Fred Campbell, rushed into the room. "Good gracious! More of 'em!"

Finding pursuit hopeless, the distracted Mrs. Diddlewick turned appealingly to the colonel.

"Colonel Blazer——" she began.

"Back, woman, back!" roared the terrified warrior, brandishing his top hat as he might have done a sabre in action. "Back, I say! Advance at your peril!"

Mrs Diddlewick showed no inclination to advance. Nevertheless, the gallant colonel seized the first opportunity to effect a hasty retreat.

Fully convinced that he was in a private lunatic asylum, or worse, he cleared the table at a bound, treated the stairs in similar fashion, gained the street, and fled.

For some days there was thunder in the air at the Diddlewick residence. Gradually, however, the clouds dispersed.

Mr. Diddlewick, having once tasted the sweets of power, declared his independence, wondering why on earth he never did it before.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell had, of course, nothing to complain of, but it was some time before Mrs. Diddlewick saw the humor of the situation.

A WIFE'S DEVOTION.—A brave woman has often cheered her husband on to victory, but perhaps no woman ever had greater reason to rejoice over her own action than had Signora Mascagni on a certain morning in May, 1890. On that day the musical world was ringing with praises of her husband the composer of the opera "Cavalleria Rusticana," to whom a telegram had just been delivered.

"Come to Rome at once. The first prize has been awarded to you," it said. Mascagni did not even know that any work of his had been entered for the contest.

Ten months before he had read in the village paper an advertisement inviting musical composers to compete for a prize offered by Szogono, the publisher of Milan. The compositions were to be one-act operas, and must be by composers who had had no production presented on the stage.

Mascagni set himself to the task of composition, but before the work was completed discouragement had taken the place of hope. Why should he win, he asked, when the best talent in Italy was entered in the competition? In vain his wife persuaded him to send in his work, alleging that he could lose nothing.

"I have suffered enough. I should but eat out my heart with waiting, and then die of disappointment," was his answer.

"Pietro, let me send it?" pleaded Signora Mascagni.

"No!" he replied desperately. "I will send it where it will trouble me no more."

With that he threw the manuscript into the fireplace, and ran from the room that he might not see it burn. But the fire was the fire of the poor—of too economical a character to burn anything rapidly, and Signora Mascagni rescued the paper, not even scorched. She sent it without telling her husband, and he returned to his band, his teaching, and his organ in the village church, where he was employed as the choir-master.

When he heard that he had won the prize, he had to go to his wife for an explanation. Just then success meant to him simply the prize-money, $400.

"I can buy my wife a new dress," was his first exclamation when he got to Rome. But when, that night, he appeared before the eager crowd, waiting to welcome the creator of the composition which had taken the musical world by storm, he understood what his success meant. He was overwhelmed by the reception given him.

"Come to me—I need you," he telegraphed to his wife. She went at once to support him now by her presence, as she had formerly supported him by her encouragement.

GAIN.—There is much foolish and sentimental censure passed upon the mere acquisition of money. To hear and to read all the tirades against it one might suppose that money was the chief of evils, and that those who held it were the chief of evil-doers. All the industry, energy, thrift, and ability that have been exercised in procuring it are set at naught; all the wisdom, intelligence, judgment, and benevolence that may be employed in its disposal are ignored. Such a view cuts at the root of all civilization, and of many of the finest qualities in character. Both the desire and the pursuit of gain are honorable, in their place, not only as a means of livelihood, but of education, of growth, of art, science, and literature, of comfort, beauty, and pleasure, of help to the unfortunate, of elevation to the down-trodden, of hope and encouragement to the weak and despairing.

### FROM DARKNESS, LIGHT.

BY E. G.

When eyes grow dim with watching
For the first beam of dawn,
When rest comes not at even,
And hope comes not with morn;

When every where around us
Drift downward in the dark
All our old faiths and moorings;
And leave behind no mark;

When eager hands strain forward,
But cannot hold Thee fast,
When future life seems hopeless,
And bitter all the past;

When prayer falls back unanswered,
Nor seems to reach Thy throne,
When in the keenest conflict
Man's spirit stands alone:

Then, O unchanging Father,
May we behold Thy light;
Sweep down these self-raised barriers
That hide Thee from our sight!

May hearts that long have sought Thee
Learn Thy great Fatherhood,
And know through seeming chaos
That all Thy work is good!

## A Costly Triumph.

BY S. G.

ON the doorstep of a little shop in the market place of Badbury, stood a girl, bareheaded, the flaming gas jets above the doorway bringing out points of gold in her bright brown hair, and showing to those passers-by who looked about them as they hurried on through the wind and rain, a pretty little oval face, with rosy but sensitive lips, and brown eyes with a long soft fringe of darker lashes.

In the shop behind her there were no customers to-night. Within the shop, John Jardine, her father's assistant, was rolling up, gravely and silently, yards of lace of weak-coffee hue which had been exposed all day in the window in fascinating festoons.

He was not a young man. He was one of those men who have never been young. Even at twenty, he must have smiled rarely and reluctantly, and stooped wearily over his work, and walked with a heavy unspringing step, and spoken in a tone that had no joyfulness in it.

Now, at forty, his lips were stern and his eyes grave; his face was the face of a man who has never learnt in his boyhood the way to laugh, and whose powers of happiness have died through long disuse.

He was tall and gaunt, his cheeks were thin, his stern eyes sunken. He looked ill; but there was a certain strength about the man—the strength of severity and endurance.

Every few moments he glanced towards the doorway, where the girl was standing. It was then, it ever, that the grim face grew gentle.

"Miss Winnie," he said at length, going near her to take in the string of flapping hats and bonnets, and speaking harshly as was his way; "you're foolish to bide there in the draught and wet. To-morrow you'll be laid up with cold, and then you'll be wond'ring where you caught it."

The girl looked up at him and laughed saucily.

"How you do scold!" she said. "What a pity you're not a woman, Mr. Jardine; you would make such a delicious old nagging grandmamma!"

She kept her place independently for a few minutes; then she came into the shop and stood, with her elbows rested on the counter, her chin propped between her palms, looking up with laughing, bewitching eyes into the grave face bent down upon her.

"You're wanting something," said John tentatively.

"How horrid of you! Don't I ever come and talk unless I want something? I do want a bit of velvet, as it happens—not much, just a tiny bit for my neck."

John left off wiping the hats and bonnets and brought down a wooden box from a shelf behind him. Winnie, without changing her attitude, continued to describe her wants tersely but with animation.

"Nice velvet, Mr. Jardine—best quality, with satin at the back. And you needn't enter it—father makes such fusses. When I get some money again, I'll pay for it. How horrid of you to say I never come and talk unless I want something! I like to talk to you—I do, really, though you are so horrid to me."

The bewitching, patronizing familiarity was very sweet to John. He would hoard up the amiable words and, by-and-by, go home and dream of them. His heart beat a little quicker; all the same, he looked down with grim unsmiling eyes at the girl whom he loved.

"Did father tell you about my new present?" said Winnie, looking up straight into John's grey eyes.

"No."

"It came by post this morning, just like the other things. There was no name or letter or anything. Ma and father don't like it; they say it's not respectable to have presents sent by post without any name—but they've got to let me keep it."

The pretty face was radiant. John feasted his eyes on the sight of her happiness.

Winnie's joys were the only joys in John's life; love had given a touch of poetry to the prosaic, matter-of-fact man who had no redeeming sense of humor, no noble discontent with unlovely surroundings and work that was not ideally heroic; to look into happiness through another's eyes was no longer a bitter thing, but the sweetest thing life held.

"I'll show it to you," said Winnie pleasantly. "It's a locket;" and she drew a little leather case from her pocket and opened it, displaying a pretty gold ornament, set with pearls and pink coral. She gazed at it lovingly, then held it near her throat and looked up at John for admiration.

"Do you like it?" said John.

"Like it!" repeated Winnie, a little crossly; "you always ask that. You never seem to think much of the presents I get. You don't know the value of such things—I dare say you think they cost nothing!"

John smiled one of his rare smiles as he went on silently with his work. He thought such pretty things cost nothing—so she said. He smiled at the mistake. Had he not measured their value in coats and boots, in coffee for breakfast, sugar in his tea, and tea for supper?

Could any one calculate so readily, with such nicety, the amount of extra service which must be wrung from a threadbare overcoat, the number of weeks in which bacon and tobacco and other luxuries of life must be renounced, the exact economy of coal which was requisite to allow a poor man to purchase gold necklets, and lockets with pink coral?

Winnie maintained an injured silence for a minute. But her desire to be gracious, her need to win approbation, made her moments of displeasure short-lived. Presently she was smiling again.

"It's strange, isn't it, that the person knows exactly the things I'd like?" she said.

"Very," said John.

"Nobody did know I wanted a locket—nobody but Milly Smith and Mr. Rowton and you—and you don't count."

"No, I don't count," said John, almost eagerly.

"And Milly wouldn't be likely to send me lockets and necklets and things," mused Winnie, speaking slowly.

John had no answer to offer to this. Winnie stood with her chin propped up between her palms, giving out before her with meditative glance.

"And of course Mr. Rowton wouldn't send me presents," she said doubtfully, after a minute.

"Of course not," answered John, with great decision.

But the conclusive tone angered Winnie.

"I don't know about the 'of course,'" she said illogically; "Mr. Rowton is very polite to me—very polite indeed."

John pushed a wooden box into its place beneath the counter, and did it with unnecessary violence. Winnie continued:

"Milly says he always comes to tea when he knows I'm going to be there."

"Does he?" said John grimly.

"And he insists on seeing me home in the evenings. That's more than he does for the other girls, Mrs. Smith says. And it's out of his way too—this is. Mrs. Smith says he's connected with ever such stuck-up people, quite gentry. They're poor, Mrs. Smith says, but he's so gentlemanly that he never seems very poor; there's nothing common about him at all, he always wears kid gloves, even in the evenings."

John grunted in an ill-humored way.

"I wouldn't take up with any of that sort, Miss Winnie," he said admonishingly.

"You've no call to speak like that of Mr. Rowton," said Winnie, with an attempt at being dignified; "you don't know him."

"I know the looks of him," said John. "He looks a poor fop, and nothing else. He's not a man. I know a man when I see one—he doesn't wear a pink flower in his buttonhole and a cigar always stuck in his mouth and his hat put o' one side to give him a smartish look, and he don't stare at the young girls he meets all along the street and try to make 'em giggle and look foolish. Mind me, Miss Winnie, don't you give a thought to such as him, he isn't worth it—he isn't, Miss Winnie."

"He's very nice," said Winnie, hesitating between the desire to be sulkily resentful and the desire to argue the point with John and change his opinions; "and he's very good-natured. You must say he's good-natured, Mr. Jardine."

"How?" said John gruffly.

Winnie hesitated a moment.

"You know," she said, blushing a little, "that it must be him who sends me these things. There's no one else."

John turned away. For an instant the temptation was strong within him to tell her the truth—to tell her that it was he, John Jardine, who loved her and had pleased himself these six months in sending her, anonymously, pretty trinkets which her girlish vanity longed for and in feasting on the sight of her pleasure in the gifts.

It was a momentary impulse, no more. Love and deepest humility go often hand in hand; to John Jardine the girl Winnie was as much above him as a royal princess is above a poor servant of the court. He was a poor man in a poor position, with nothing to recommend him; how could he presume to speak of the love which was in itself presumptuous? The temptation passed at once.

"Miss Winnie," he said, however, speaking earnestly but with unusual gentleness; "'tisn't Mr. Rowton sends you them things."

"How do you know?" said Winnie quickly.

"I feel certain. Put the thought out of your mind."

"I don't see that you can feel certain," persisted the girl, with a childish injured air. She lifted her arms from the counter, and moved back to her place in the doorway and stood there silently for some moments.

Then she began to reflect that Mr. Jardine might, perhaps, be thinking her less charming than usual, and she came into the shop again and sought to be pleasant.

"How do you like your new lodgings, Mr. Jardine? Father says your new landlady half starves you, he believes—does she?"

"No," said John, who responded to banter with a gravity that befitted solemn discourse; "she's a good woman honest, very honest, and clean."

"How nice of her!" said Winnie, a little absently. "And how is your uncle? When is he going to die, Mr. Jardine? And have you found out about his will?"

"He's better," said John.

"That's a pity."

"I shouldn't like to say that," replied John, a little doubtfully. "He worked hard enough for the bit he saved; I'd be glad for him to enjoy it as long as he can."

"How nice of you! But he can't really get well, can he? What will you do with the legacy? I wouldn't put the money by—I'd spend it. Perhaps you'll be getting married; but you're not engaged, are you?"

"No, and not like to be."

"Why? Do you hate girls? That's like Mr. Rowton. Milly says he's always pretending to hate girls, and not to think much of them, and talking as though he laughed at them. And all the while, Mrs. Smith says, he's over head and ears in love."

John said nothing. He disappointed Winnie, who hoped he would express some interest and curiosity.

"She thinks he's in love with me," she added, after a moment, with a little laugh.

"But you're not in love with him, Miss Winnie?" said John eagerly. "Miss Winnie, dear, heed me—he's not a good man, he's not a man to make you happy, I know—I feel certain of that."

"How seriously you take things!" said Winnie, in an irritable tone. "Who talked of being in love? I'm not in love with him, of course—but one can't help seeing that a person likes you when he sends you ever such expensive lockets and chains, and of course one likes a person who is so good-natured and nice. Good night; don't enter the velvet."

"Good night," said John.

* * * * * *

Winter was over. The April day had been warm and bright; but the air had grown chill towards evening, and John Jardine, walking homewards in the dark, thrust his hands deep in his pockets, and drew up his shoulders high, tha the collar of the frayed old coat might serve as a muffler.

Six months had made John a little thinner, a little shabbier and much graver.

His face was something more than grave now; the lines about brow and mouth were lines of intense suffering, physical or mental; and he walked heavily and with his eyes on the ground, as a man walks whose soul is oppressed with some great and heavy sorrow in which is no element of hopefulness.

He had left the brightly-lighted streets behind him, and had turned into a little by-street, ill-lit and semi-genteel, with small drab houses on each side, and a foot or two of grass before each house carefully guarded behind iron railings. Before one of these John paused.

It was the house where his uncle, Amos Jardine, had come to live a year ago, and whence, a fortnight since, he had been carried slowly forth to his last resting place.

Since then, John had been occupying the empty room, sitting gloomily in his uncle's chair at night, pondering with a sort of joyless effort how he should plan his life under its new conditions, what pursuits were in keeping with his new character as capitalist, wealthy possessor of $5,000 in good securities.

Just inside the little iron gate grew a flourishing bay tree that needed pruning. John stood, sheltered by the tree and hidden from the sight of passers-by, and knocked and waited.

No one came in answer to the summons, and he glanced up anxiously at the windows and listened for some sound within the house. Everything was dark and quiet. His landlady had gone forth and had taken her handmaid with her. John drew his coat collar a little higher about his neck, and settled himself to wait for their return.

Presently, whilst he waited, a door some little distance off was shut sharply, a gate creaked, and two footsteps sounded on the stone pavement.

A man and a girl came up the street together; the steps slowly approached, and a murmur of voices reached John where he stood. The girl was speaking—speaking pleadingly, entreatingly, with a sort of sob in her tone. John did not recognize the voice, it was low and frightened. The words did not reach him.

"Oh, Ned, promise—promise before you send me home!"

"All right."

"But seriously—oh, Ned, seriously, I mean."

"Seriously, I've told you already, it isn't possible. Don't be a fool, Win! Leave off crying, like a sensible girl. I'll do anything you like that's reasonable, as I told you before—but one can't do the impossible, you know.

"You must have known that I couldn't marry on the beggarly salary I get; but you were ready enough to let a fellow make love to you. You were so confoundedly grateful for the gim-cracks I never sent you."

"You let me think you sent them! I asked you—you never said you didn't. And you promised—oh, Ned, you did promise."

The man laughed a little uneasily.

"All's fair in love and war," he said. "I can't come any further, Win; I'm not coming your way to-night. You must run home alone."

The steps had grown slower and slower, and just outside the house where John was waiting they stopped together.

"You didn't mean it, then," said the girl, and there was something in the voice that made John start suddenly. "Oh, but you did mean it—Ned, you did. You said it would be all right and we should be married by now. And now you put it off and put it off. You sha'n't put it off any longer—oh, Ned, you must tell father and let it be soon."

"For goodness' sake, Win, don't take on like that. I'd marry you if I could, I've told you so. But how can I marry on $400 a year? I haven't your fancy for starvation."

John moved suddenly, and the speakers were silent at once and went on their way. John heard no more. It was but a word or two he had heard; but it had been enough.

He stood still for a moment as one stunned by some sudden blow. Yet the blow had not come suddenly. For weeks past, the fear of this, which was now a certainty, had followed him every hour of the day, had turned life's sweetness into very bitterness. Now the fear had become a conviction; and the conviction stunned him as though the fear had never been.

There was no room for misconception,

for happy self-deception. Winnie's despairing, entreating tone had brought home to him the full import of her words. He understood. The waters of Marah swept over his soul; for a while he yielded himself to his misery.

Then he began to think—how could he help her? how could he save her? There was room for no other thought in his mind, no room at all for blame of her, scarcely room for anger against the man who would carelessly, ruthlessly ruin her. She must be saved! Here was a thing at hand to do—but how to do it?

He paced up and down the lonely street, revolving the problem. An hour passed—two hours, three. Twelve o'clock struck; the night was still, and the clock in the market place sent its clear voice far on the quiet air. As the strokes died away, John's resolve was taken.

He walked a little way down the street, and looked up at the windows of the house which Mr. Rowton and Winnie had left earlier that night. A light was still burning in the upstairs rooms and shining through the fan-light above the doorway. John knocked.

A sleepy little servant girl, a child in years but wearing a print gown down to her heels and her hair drawn back and knotted tightly in grown-up fashion, came in answer to John's summons. She held the door in her hand and looked timidly at her late visitor.

"Mr. Rowton's lodging here, I think?" said John.

"Yes; he's not in yet," said the girl. "He gen'ly bides out 'till twelve or thereabouts."

"I'll wait, then," John replied; and, although the child-servant looked doubtfully at him, she admitted him, leading the way into a dusty little back sitting-room, where the gas was turned low and supper was laid for one.

"He'll be in afore long, I reckon," she said, surveying him again as she turned up the gas. And then she left him to wait. He seated himself on the corner of the dusty, horse-hair sofa, looking stupidly in front of him, seeing nothing, thinking of nothing, until at last the door reopened, and Ned Rowton came in.

The two men stared hard at one another. Each knew the other by sight and by name, but no more than that. John was the first to speak.

"You'll be wondering to see me here?" he said slowly, realizing how difficult it would be to say what he had come to say.

"Well, since you suggested it, it does strike me as unexpected," said the younger man in a supercilious tone. He lighted a cigar and seated himself on the corner of the table, looking insolently at John the while, as much at his ease as his visitor was embarrassed.

John's grim severity of mien and tone were lost to-night; he sat nervously fingering his coat, gazing anxiously at the gay young man before him.

It was for Winnie he had come to plead; her good name, her future happiness lay in his hands, and the greatness of the responsibility oppressed him; he feared himself—feared his own discretion, his own powers of argument. Still more he feared the man whom he addressed, who might refuse to listen, who might refuse to grant the boon he asked.

"It's about Miss Winnie," said John. "I've come to beg you to—to—to act rightly by her."

Rowton flushed angrily.

"That's my own business," he said. "If that's your errand, I'll wish you good night. Sorry to appear inhospitable."

"You'll hear me out," said John stolidly. "I don't mean any offence. I could curse you for what you have done, but I speak civilly. I've known Miss Winnie this many years, and I wouldn't—I wouldn't, if I could save it, that she should come by any hurt. She's like—like a child of my own a'most."

"Very much so, I should say!"

"You and she," pursued John, ignoring the sneer, "you and she can't afford to marry."

"So Winnie has made you her father confessor, has she?"

"It's your words I go by," said John, speaking gently with a mighty effort. "I've money by me, more than I've need of. I'd like to pass it over to Miss Winnie—it, so be, you and she can marry then. It's honestly come by. It's not a favor to you I'm doing—no favor in it. It can be between ourselves. I wouldn't have her know—I wouldn't any one should know, least of all her."

There was silence for a few minutes. The young man moved away, looking shame-faced while he tried to look at ease.

"It's an odd sort of bargain, this," he said. "You must have a wonderful lot of superfluous coin to be able to fling about your thousands so lightly."

"Lightly!" echoed John, "lightly, do you say? Is Miss Winnie's good name nothing? A man doesn't stake his life lightly, but I'd give my life this minute to save one unkind word being spoken of her."

"She isn't worth it," said Rowton, with a little unnatural laugh—"no woman is."

John said nothing. The angry words that rose to his lips were words which, for Winnie's sake, he must not speak. After a minute or two, in a subdued sort of a way he said:

"There's no need for such talking. You'll not send me away refusing me!—for her sake, Mr. Rowton, for her sake."

Rowton stood, with his back towards John, his cigar in his hand, one foot tapping the fender.

He threw his cigar into the grate, and turned slowly round, leaning his shoulders against the chimney-piece and putting his hands in his pockets to prove to John and himself how completely at his ease he was.

"Suppose," he said at last, not looking at John—"suppose I accept your offer?"

"You accept it?" said John eagerly.

"As you like. I think you're a fool—but of course that's your own affair."

A few minutes later, John was walking slowly back to his lonely lodgings. The night air was very cold; he shivered, but he did not hasten his steps. He passed the house in absence of mind and came patiently back again without wondering at his own mistake.

The interview had been successful, his offer had found favor. He had done his best for Winnie—poor though the best was—hard though it had been to do. He had triumphed.

There are triumphs that cost us dear; and John's was one of these.

### OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

"You can do a lot in a day," is an assertion that we often hear made. Its truth becomes more startlingly evident when we come to inquire into instances where the entire period of twenty-four hours has been occupied by the repetition of one action.

In athletics, of course, contests lasting a whole day and night are quite common. These, and other fields of action, supply us with curious examples of doing one thing for twenty-four hours.

Walking all day on a board track indoors an athlete has covered close upon 128 miles, and somewhere about twenty-five miles arther have been run in the same time.

Not content with "swinging the clubs" for twenty-four hours, a champion recently went on actually for twelve hours more, making a world's record of thirty-six hours.

It is not surprising to learn that afterwards his muscles were badly swollen and his hands covered with blisters. The club swinger was, of course, fed with a spoon by his friends during the operation.

Another thirty-six hour record was that of a carrier pigeon which flew 597 miles, under thirty-seven hours, and it must be remembered that pigeons cannot fly during the hours of darkness.

It is, however, when we leave the orthodox realm of sport and seek for outside instances, that we come across some of the more eccentric twenty-four hour efforts.

A few seasons back an individual who had before succeeded in doing some remarkable, if senseless, tricks, started to gaze for twenty-four hours at the naked flame of a lamp. After about sixteen hours he gave in, and the lamp thus won easily.

A Russian official stationed in Paris, well known for his capacity for drinking champagne, is said to have won a bet that he would keep on imbibing his favorite beverage for twenty-four hours at a stretch.

It was the same gentleman, we believe, who collected and carefully stored up all the lead foil from the corks of the bottles whose contents he had consumed. From this a lead coffin was made, and in it he was actually buried.

The Queen of Madagascar, when recently deposed and banished to the Island of Reunion, was at first prostrated with grief, but she soon found something that would distract her attention from her woes.

She learned to knit stockings, and became so absorbed in the occupation that it is related that on one occasion she continued to manipulate the worsted all through a day and a night. The Queen does not wear any of the stockings herself, but gives them to her suite.

Not once but several times have "long distance" pianists played right through a night and a day. Some of them, intadition, stipulated never to play the same piece twice over. A similar feat was once, at least, accomplished on the violin.

For a wager an individual smoked from eight o'clock one evening till eight the next. Alcoholic refreshment was permitted at pleasure, and he changed pipes frequently.

After achieving the feat he did not touch tobacco for a fortnight, and it was some days ere he could taste the food he ate.

At harvest time, when the moon is full, field laborers, especially if the weather shows signs of changing, sometimes work twenty-four hours at a stretch, in order to get the crops in safely.

In an inquest held on a baker's assistant it was proved that just before a national holiday the man had been employed im making bread for a whole day and night.

In the erratic occupation of law-writing, work is extremely uncertain. Long periods of activity are followed by furious rushes. Consequently the writer has to seize his opportunity and work overtime when the chance offers. Sometimes men have worked straight away for twenty-four hours on end.

Another man, now living, is said to have written for over thirty-six hours, without sleep, and with very little food. There is considerable danger in such feats, for, the head nodding with sleep, an eye may be put out by the pen.

With only one or two short breaks a male dancer continued to caper for a day and a night; but a lady, who started to waltz the same period, broke down at about seven hours.

More successful was a reciter who did actually spout poetry for the full time; and another idiot read prose aloud for a like period.

An eminent medical authority, speaking of twenty-four-hour performances of all sorts, says that, no matter how well an individual may be trained, his health will ultimately surely suffer for putting so enormous a strain upon his system.

DISCIPLINE'S POWER.—Some years ago a strange incident occurred in a war ship. All hands were busily employed. The marines were cleaning their guns and cutlasses, laughing and chatting one another, when, without the slightest warning, one of their number—a smart and well-behaved young marine—went suddenly out of his mind.

In his madness, he smashed his rifle on one of the big guns in the battery. When a corporal tried to approach him he snatched his rifle out of his hand and, with a wild shout, flung it through the port hole. Then, with a naked bayonet, he rushed aft to the wardroom, where several officers were assembled.

The confusion was great. Thinking discretion was the better part of valor, all the officers, excepting the captain of marines and a gunnery lieutenant—who had sprained his foot—disappeared.

In came the madman with murder in his eyes, making straight for the lieutenant. What was to be done?

Seeing his comrade's danger, on the spur of the moment the captain shouted in a commanding voice, "Halt!"

The result was astonishing. So strong was the habit of discipline that the poor fellow immediately stood at attention, trembling in every limb. The officer quietly motioned to a file of marines, who without any difficulty led him below.

BY HIS PEERS.—"It is well for a speaker to know where his peroration is going to end when he begins," says Mr. Chauncey M. Depew.

"I once heard a young lawyer make his maiden speech. It was in defence of a fellow who was about half-witted, arrested on the charge of stealing a hog, the young attorney having been appointed by the Court.

"His defence was that his client was an idiot and unable to distinguish between right and wrong. He closed the flowery speech with a peroration like this:

"'Gentlemen of the jury, look at my client. That low, receding forehead, those lusterless eyes, portend that he was deprived by nature of the power to distinguish right from wrong, ignorant of the distinction which exists between his own property and that of others.

"'To him, as to the two-year-old child, whatever he wants and can reach belongs to him. He knows neither why it does nor why it does not. But, gentlemen of the jury, such are the institutions of this our free and glorious country, that my client, idiot though he is, stands for a trial to-day by a jury of his peers.

"The culprit got the full penalty of the law."

## Scientific and Useful.

SAWDUST.—Sawdust building bricks are coming into use in many parts of this country, where the raw materials are plentiful. The sawdust is dried and screened, to remove the coarser particles, and then mixed with cement, lime, and sand. The mixture is pressed into blocks as hard as ordinary bricks.

TO PREVENT SINKING.—A new invention for preventing vessels from sinking after being damaged by collision was recently exhibited. An iron model of a cargo ship was placed in water, after having been loaded with bricks. Then a hole, immense in size compared with the miniature vessel, was opened at the side. When the water had risen to a level with the deck, a number of guttapercha bags, fixed under the deck, were inflated with carbonic acid gas, and the vessel almost immediately began to rise.

ALUMINIUM.—The use of aluminium is gradually spreading, and has now been applied to the making of violins. Violins made entirely of aluminium are said to have a richer tone than those made of wood, and the inventor declares that he has found a property in the metal which consists of a tendency of the fundamental tones to outweigh the upper tones. For this reason means are employed by which the player can regulate or introduce the partial tones to suit his individual taste. Naturally the feeling for wooden violins is still very strong, but the aluminium instruments are having a steady sale.

## Farm and Garden.

CEMENT.—If you have a cement floor with breaks that must be mended, don't expect to get the new cement to adhere to the old without chipping out all loose parts of the old, cleaning it all out carefully and soaking it well with water. Then the new work will be good and stay good in connection with the old.

HARNESS.—Harness ought to be protected from dust and dampness when not in use. A regular harness closet, can be built in an hour's time. The sides are burlap, hung on projecting arms. The front is a curtain of burlap, supported by wire rings, running on a wire stretched across the top of the front. It is a simple closet, but it will protect the harnesses.

PRESERVING EGGS BY ELECTRICITY.—A certain electrician has discovered a way of preserving eggs in an edible condition for a number of years. It is well known that an egg shell is more or less porous, and that air passes into the egg and hastens its decay. In preserving eggs by the new method the eggs are first placed in a vacuum chamber which draws the air from the interior. They are then painted with a composition which renders them airtight. Finally they are placed in barrels of water and subjected to an electric current strong enough to destroy any germ life which may be present.

Recently my little daughter was attacked with a severe and DEEP-SEATED COUGH, which my wife thought she could cure with other remedies, but they all failed, and she had to resort to our old stand-by, Jayne's Expectorant. This medicine cured the child.—F. E. HOLDEN, Greenleaf, Minn., Oct. 15, 1895.

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Philadelphia

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ISSUED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH ST.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 20, 1897

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### To the Best Advantage.

Rarely do we meet with men or women who realize that there is any difficulty in spending money, provided they have plenty of it. Yet it may be questioned whether half the people who are well off understand how to spend their money to the best advantage. Those who are pinched in pocket usually think of the art of spending as consisting solely in making a small stock of coin cover the whole ground of pressing necessity. If they had more, if they had enough, if they had ten times their present income, they feel that spending would sink into a matter of comparative indifference; they fail to realize that it is an art from the obligations of which the rich, like the poor, are never freed.

The art of spending small sums, so as to "make a little go a long way," has none of the dangers of freedom. The punishment of mistakes, too, comes quickly, and acts as a check. There is little scope for playing the fool, as the rich may; but within the narrow field of poverty are astonishing opportunities for cleverness in spending, as you may see any day if you know the life of the very poor.

The kind of thrift which uses up each shred of value in every article purchased, can never be taught by precept. It must spring from an atmosphere in which children are reared. It depends fully as much on the art of not spending as on the art of spending. What can children brought up in the expectation of having everything fancy desires know about values? To the man or woman who has had a training in the art of spending, money doubles or trebles its value. It is as though the rate of exchange were increased by a hundred per cent. in favor of the experienced purchaser, or decreased against the man or woman untrained by poverty in the use of money. How is this handicap to be avoided?

We hold that it is the duty of all parents to teach their children to spend money to advantage. In nearly every family there is a glimmering of the same idea; but it is often too flickering and faint to be of much use. Parents think, when they have bought a child a money-box, that they have done their duty in teaching it to "take care of the pennies;" but a man might just as well say he has begun to economize because he has opened an account at a bank as a parent suppose that putting away coppers and small silver in a box is the art of saving. It is quite possible that the undirected child, who never heard of money-boxes, but who runs off to the small shops with every penny that luckily falls in its way, and instantly lays out the whole, is receiving a far more practical training than the child of the woman who shakes her head and wonders what children who fritter away money in that manner will come to. To the child with the box, the dropping in of coppers now and again has no relation to the pressing facts of life, to likes and dislikes, appetites and longings—it is as mechanical and often as regularly recurring an arrangement as lacing shoes in the morning. Not so the spending of odd pennies by the untutored child of growing experience.

Many a child has won its first consciousness of a bargain well made when it has wisely laid out a penny which, according to a grim neighbor, should have been hoarded in a money-box, to be spent eventually in accordance with the judgment of a watchful parent. To know how to save is to know how to spend—it is only one-half of thrift; and children need to be taught—and to have opportunities of practising—how to part with money as well as how to gather it.

Unless children are allowed freedom to spend a certain amount of money on what they like, they cannot be practically taught the value of self-sacrifice, and the need for checking momentary desires for the sake of attaining some ultimate end. A child, for example, recklessly destroys his toys, irrespective of their cost, just as, later, he may recklessly fritter away his fortune, because he has no conception of the effort necessary for the purchase of the toys, or the difficulties of accumulating the fortune. To cause him to be careful with the toys he must have participated in the sacrifice that bought them. But to gain any idea of sacrifice he must have had some natural pleasure lessened. It is well, then, that children should be taught that money will buy them what they most enjoy, but that some pleasures must be moderately used if others, more permanent, are to be gained. This can be done only by giving the child some practice in spending on things which it naturally prefers. The purchase of fruit, and sweets, and toys thus becomes a training in the use of money. We hold, in short, that every child, if possible, should have the independent use of a very small amount of pocket-money—it is useful for training purposes.

The secret of successful spending is in the departmentalizing of one's income. The richer man will have the more departments over which his expenditure will spread, and the poorer man will have the fewer departments, but in each a line must be drawn and not be overstepped. Only by taking so much trouble can a just and well-proportioned purchase of life's advantages be made out of the income with which we are blessed. At least half a dozen sub-divisions of expenses should be made by all who have a fair income; and the poor might do worse than try a similar apportionment. First, there is rent, which, more than any other item, sets the standard of living. Rent is inexorable. Following rent are the rest of the household expenses, which may be made somewhat elastic, to remain in keeping with varying fortune.

Dress must claim a constant place in the bill; and, if it is formally placed there, by a carefully thought-out arrangement, it is far more likely to be watched and economy practised than if it takes its chance in the jostle of our wants. Pleasure and culture again, which make their appeal chiefly in the form of holidays and reading-matter, are usually left to luck; whereas, if they were arranged for with deliberation, not only would the cost be more likely to be forthcoming at the right moment, but the effort to provide the money would be an inducement to care, diligently and thoughtfully, for the remunerative spending of every nickel. There is no truer proverb than that which tells us that what comes lightly goes lightly; and the converse is true—careful saving means careful spending, as a rule.

A happy life can be mapped out to almost any scale of expense; but no life lived at a hazard, so far as spending is concerned, can be counted on as assured of happiness, no matter how great may be the mutual devotion of those whose union makes the home. Of all the foolish fancies which young people adopt as romantic and fine, of all the sham ideals which the world sets up and thoughtlessly admires, none is more foolish, none more hollowly sham, than the loose idea that carelessly, nonchalant, lordly spending is a sign of goodness of heart, and is worthy of admiration. There is certainly something inherently repulsive in pinching and scraping and anxious niggardly watchfulness; but the art of spending may be studied and practised without falling into any such extreme; and, unless it is practised, whatever the income may be, permanent happiness becomes doubtful if the circumstances be straitened, and strict duty to mankind is made impossible, however great one's riches.

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Good deeds are very fruitful, for out of one good action of ours God produces a thousand, the harvest thereof is perpetual. Even the faithful actions of the old patriarchs, the constant sufferings of ancient martyrs, live still, and do good to all succession of ages by their example. For public actions of virtue, besides that they are presently comfortable to the doer, are also exemplary to others; and, as they are more beneficial to others, are more crowned in us. If good deeds were barren and incommodious, I would seek after them for the consciousness of their own goodness; how much more shall I now be encouraged to perform them, for that they are so profitable both to myself and others, and to myself in others.

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To bear suffering silently, to restrain and master it, to force the mind to interest itself in other things and other people, are not stern and hard tasks dictated by coldness and want of feeling. They are the true medicines of grief, the tonics which strengthen the soul and fortify the powers while at the same time protecting others from the unnecessary contagion of grief. Thus the truly benevolent man, who freely spreads abroad every possible means of happiness, will be equally anxious to resist sorrow within the narrowest limits, and so minimize the trouble of the world.

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Taste, if it means anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, and goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen.

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There is poetry and there is beauty in real sympathy; but there is more—there is action. The noblest and most powerful form of sympathy is not merely the responsive tears, the echoed sigh, the answering look; it is the embodiment of the sentiment in actual help.

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We cannot be self-interested and disinterested at the same time. Favors or benefits conferred in any other spirit, and with other hopes, are only more or less pronounced attempts to trade under false pretences, and have not the slightest claim to be ranked as generous actions.

## Correspondence.

S. B.—Bubona, in Roman mythology, was the goddess who presided over cows and oxen. Small statues of this goddess were placed in the niches of stables, and her likeness was often painted over the manger.

T. D. M.—Queen is simply the Anglo-Saxon word "Cwen," meaning a wife. Among the Anglo-Saxons the wife did not share her husband's dignities, and the Saxon titles of king and earl had really no feminine equivalents.

J. T. S.—A color-sergeant is a sergeant detailed to carry the regimental colors. He is usually selected for military deportment and soldierly bearing, and when carrying the colors is escorted by a guard of seven corporals. In some foreign services he has a distinct rank.

Lyndalia.—It is always proper and safe for a lady to address a friend as "Dear sir." In formal notes to strangers the term "sir" should be used. An old friend may be addressed as "Dear Mr. ——." In letters to a lady the term "Madam" should be substituted for "sir," and the same rules applied.

P. W. S.—The Dominical letter is the letter which, in almanacs, denotes the Sabbath, or the Lord's day. The seven letters of the alphabet are used for this purpose, the same letter standing for Sunday during a whole year, and after twenty-eight years the same letters returning in the same order.

P. D. V.—It is the lady's business to speak first, if she wishes to speak at all, especially if she and the gentleman are but slightly acquainted. If they are well acquainted, and good friends, it would not be necessary for the gentleman to stand upon ceremony, unless he saw that the lady wished to pass without recognition.

Tomboy.—You would have a right to get all the information you could from men and books, and to visit woolen factories and gather up all the statistics and technical knowledge possible. But when you come to write your composition, you should do it all yourself, using the information you have obtained, in your own way, without help from anybody.

Fumigator.—Meerschaum means literally "the foam of the sea;" chemically it is a silicate of magnesia, and is found in several parts of Europe, but principally in Greece and Turkey. In Germany and Austria, also in this country, it is largely used for making tobacco pipes, which are prepared for sale after being carved or turned by being first soaked in tallow, afterwards in wax, and being finally polished with shave grass.

Rose F.—When troubled with cold feet at night, use plenty of friction (or rubbing) before getting into bed; and if that does not answer, then sponge them with cold water, and when drying them, rub the toes and ankles upward, and not downward. In case this plan fails and the feet still remain cold, try putting them in a mustard foot-bath before stepping into bed, and slip on a pair of thick, dry, woollen socks directly afterwards. These latter must be removed as soon as the feet are warm.

Cora.—No; Van Eyck was not the inventor of oil-painting, but he revived the art. He was born and died between about 1319 and 1440, whereas paintings of some kind are traced back to about 2160 years B. C., when Amenemhes, a great King of Egypt, had his acts recorded in painting and sculpture on his own magnificent statue at Thebes. Polignotus, the earliest known Greek painter, who flourished about 422 B. C., decorated one of the public porticoes of Athens, and depicted the remarkable events of the Trojan war. Apelles (B. C. 332) is the next on historical record as a painter, and is said to be the first who produced perfected specimens of oil-painting; and then the art seems to have disappeared and was not revived till the end of the XIII century.

L. E. A.—The body of President Lincoln was taken on October 9, 1874, from an iron coffin, and put into a lead one, and soldered air-tight; then into a wooden one made of narrow strips of red cedar, and all were then put into the marble sarcophagus in the catacomb of the monument at Springfield, Illinois, which was dedicated on October 15, 1874. The attempt to steal the body was made on November 7, 1876. The would-be robbers removed the lid and end piece of the sarcophagus next to the door, and drew the wooden and lead coffins, with the body enclosed, nearly out, when they were disturbed by an officer of the United States Secret Service. After the escape of the thieves, the sarcophagus was re-cemented and made perfectly secure.

W. H.—The Jack Horner rhyme is not so nonsensical as it might seem. Like many of the "Mother Goose" so-called nonsense verses this has reference to a bit of history, or rather tradition. The Abbot of Glastonbury was so rich and powerful that King Henry VIII. was warned against him. The king was indignant when he heard of the abbot having built a kitchen which he boasted was as fine as some of Henry's palaces. To appease his wrath the abbot sent the king a Christmas-pie. Inside the flaky, brown crust were the title-deeds of twelve manors—a splendid gift. The abbot sent it by his steward, Jack Horner. Jack lifted up one corner of the pie-crust and abstracted the deed of the Manor of Wells. He was found out, but forgiven, and long after "Mother Goose" immortalized him in her "Nursery Rhymes."

### IF WE ONLY WILL.

BY J. P.

A kiss he took and a backward look,
And her heart grew suddenly lighter.
A trifle, you say, to color a day,
Yet the dark dull morn seemed brighter,
For hearts are such that a tender touch
May banish a look of sadness—
A small light thing can make us sing,
But a frown will check our gladness.

The cheeriest ray along our way
Is the little act of kindness;
And the keenest sting some careless thing
That was done in a moment of blindness.
We can well face life in a home where strife
No foothold can discover,
And be lovers still if we only will,
Though youth's bright days are over.

Ah, sharp as swords cut the unkind words
That are far beyond recalling.
When a face lies hid 'neath a coffin-lid
And bitter tears are falling.
We fain would give half the life we live
To undo our idle scorning.
Then let us not miss the smile and the kiss
When we part in the light of the morning.

## An After Wooing.

BY G. W. F.

"I REALLY do think, Barbara, that, as you have nothing—literally nothing—to do from morning till night, you might try to make things a little more comfortable for your mother. It made my heart ache, when Lou and I came in from our long day's work yesterday, to see her sitting there with her pale face and not a bit of fire in the grate, while Joan and Issy were crying for their tea, and you were lolling on the sofa over some rubbishy love-story, though you know perfectly well that Martha had been downstairs all day washing, and had not had a moment to attend to matters, as she usually does so thoroughly. I'm sure I don't know what will become of you if you continue in these idle thoughtless ways!"

It is my eldest sister Lilian who delivers herself of this lengthy and cutting speech; and, as she does so, she winds her rippling golden hair into a great coil and turns her lovely blue eyes reproachfully upon me, useless and most miserable Barbara, lying upon the comfortless bed which it is my lot to share with my sisters Lil and Lou, and watching them as they hastily perform their morning toilette by the light of a tallow-candle.

"In my opinion," says Lou severely, as she buttons the heavy dress of serge and crape that she is wearing as mourning for our dearly-beloved father, "Barbara's extreme selfishness and illness are positively sinful! She seems almost too lazy to exist. What she expects to befall her in the future it is beyond my power to imagine."

"Ah," sighs lovely Lilian, "I am quite distressed at the thought of what is to become of Barbara when you and I are no longer here. Aunt Banabas will see that mother is cared for, and the children she will probably send to some cheap school, but what can Barbara do, helpless as she is?"

"I don't know," says Lou snappishly.

Then the light is put out, and away my sisters go in the cheerless dawn of the winter morning down the narrow staircase, the ragged carpets of which make traps for unwary feet, and into the shabby parlor, where old Martha will be awaiting them with a cheerless little fire and a breakfast of palest tea and stalest bread, whereon the butter has been scraped with frugal hand.

It is early morning in the very middle of drear November; the old clock in the corner by the stairs had just announced a quarter past six; by eight o'clock my sisters must be at their respective places of business.

Lil teaches music from "morn till dewy eve" in a large girls' school at Kensington, while Lou is a cutter-out of dainty baby linen in a great city warehouse, her long years of practice in cutting and contriving for us all standing her in good stead in the evil days that have fallen upon us Blakes.

Mother is a widow without any visible means of existence, the earnings of my two sisters being all that we have to depend upon for daily bread. True, Aunt Barnabas, father's rich widowed half-sister, who lives in a gloomy house in Russell Square, has taken my third sister to live with her as a companion and maid; she also pays the rent of the three wretched rooms that are now our home; but having done so much, she considers that her duty towards unpractical Owen Blake's widow and orphans is more than discharged.

It was our poor father's misfortune to be the son of a rich gentleman who would rather see his children starve than thrive in a trade or profession he deemed beneath their quality.

Darling mother was an only child, with nothing but her sweet face for her fortune, and had been educated in much the same style as my father, so she was unable to devise any plan for increasing their income.

Father's small income ceased at his death, and but for Lil and Lou we should now be actually starving. What we are going to do when Lil is carried off by Captain Heneage Loveday, and Lou joins her young missionary, the Rev. Robert Hamilton, in his lone Pacific isle, is more than I know.

"Clang" goes the front door, and patter-patter go the light feet of my sisters Lil and Lou down the worn steps. They are going forth to the hard toil with which they battle so bravely and uncomplainingly, little fitted as, from their early training, they are for it.

I creep out of bed, and crying all the while, perform my ablutions at the rickety wash-stand, weave all my dull brown locks into a thick heavy plait, don the old brown merino frock with the crape sewn round the arm as a token of mourning—for my one decent black dress must be kept for high days and holidays, and the newness is off the crape trimmings already, though it is but three short fleeting months since we laid father to rest in the little Kentish churchyard—and I wish—oh, how I wish!—I had never been born; for, as they all say, what is to become of Barbara?

It is unkind though of my sisters to speak as if I were idle from choice, when they know very well that it is from sheer inability; for whatever I attempt I do so badly that somebody else invariably has to do it over again; therefore I have acquired the habit of keeping aloof whenever anything useful is required in our household. How angry they all were with me yesterday for letting the fire go out. And how spiteful Martha looked as she took up my sister's cry:

"What's going to become o' Miss Barbara the dear knows, not meself at all. If her ma was took—and what more like, tretting her life out as she is?—what could Miss Barbara do? 'Tisn't taching the music she could be at, by reason as her ma couldn't never get her to do the practisin'. 'Tis a sorry mess she'd be after makin'. The childer 'd fallin' out o' winder unbeknownst. And as for cookin', Master Juan he'd make a better job on it; and her looks won't never get her a husbin' as'll give her three square meals a day and a maid to cook 'em for 'er. 'Tis naither fish, flesh, nor good red herrin' Miss Barbara is to my mind. That iver I should spake so o' wan o' her father's daughters."

No, I seem fitted for nothing in the world. Sometimes I have thought I could write a book—a book which should sell for a fabulous sum and deliver us unlucky Blakes from all our tribulations—then how differently they would think of Barbara!—but, though I can imagine thrilling scenes without number for my heroine, I have not the patience and perseverance necessary to make even the plainest narrative fit for the printers' hands.

And if I am not useful, I am not in the least ornamental. The cracked looking-glass shows me a small pale face, dusky brown hair brushed plainly back from a wide low brow, an insignificant nose of the "tip-tilted" order, a mouth which my sisters affirm reaches from ear to ear. To these features add a pair of green eyes—positively green, and of no other color, though their long dark lashes cause unobservant folk to call them brown—and you behold Barbara Ellen Blake in the seventeenth year of her age.

My dressing finished, I creep down the dingy stairs. Mr. Bond, our landlady, and Martha are talking together on the grimy door-mat as I descend.

"I'm sure," Mrs. Bond whines, "I don't want to be hard on Nobody, I don't; but Bond he's so arbitry. 'Hemma,' he says, 'don't you let them lodgers o' yourn 'ave no more coals till they've paid for the seven scuttles as they owes for at twelve cents the scuttle; and you can tell 'em,' he says, 'the sooner they're out o' my house the better I'll like it. I never did care for your shabby-genteel folks,' he says; 'and I don't care to be kep' out o' my money neither,' he says."

"Dear heart," Martha replies, "the man'll have to wait for his money like the rest, I s'pose, and put his arbitry ways in his pocket. My missis don't care for the likes of him—she that kep' her carriage and pair when I fust lived with 'em."

Mrs. Bond sniffs contemptuously and walks off.

I go listlessly into the parlor, with its rickety chairs and sofa and faded curtains, and from sheer force of habit stand by the window looking out for the postman.

The Blakes have spent much precious time in looking for that functionary. Down at Dulcott the arrival of the post-boy was the event of the day, and we all seem to be of opinion that by ceaseless watching for him we shall secure to ourselves some singular piece of good fortune. May not some rich friend of happier days remember Owen Blake's widow and children at this time of sore trial?

"Rat-tat" upon the door comes the postman, and I fly to secure the treasures—one Indian letter for Lil and one very thick long blue envelope for mother. She looks at it, then sighs and says:

"It is only bills of some sort. Put it on the mantelpiece, dear, till Lou can see to it."

I do my mother's bidding, little dreaming that what I hold in my hand concerns the fate of green-eyed Barbara Blake.

Late in the evening, as I kneel before the smoky little fire trying to toast a bloater for the tea-dinner of my toiling sisters, Reggy bursts into the room in her usual boisterous fashion. She has obtained leave from Aunt Barnabas to stay with us until to-morrow morning, aunt having a dinner-party to-night, and the house being full of her late husband's relatives.

Closely following Reggy come Lil and Lou. ow bright and fresh they all look. Their cheeks are pink from the keen winter wind.

Lil seizes her love-letter and runs away to read the precious epistle alone and in silence; and Lou says:

"Why, mother darling, you have never even opened your letter."

"It is only a bill from Barnes the butcher, Warner the shoemaker, or some other tradesman," mother answers despairingly.

As Lou takes up the long thick blue envelope, Martha bustles in with a kettle.

"What am I to be at for coals, Miss Lou?" she says. "The ould landlord won't give us sorat nor scrape till the last is paid for. I've had to bile the kettle on their fire, and him a-grumblin' all the while, the blaggard."

"We can't get any till I am paid on Saturday," Lou answers wearily.

"Sure and I'll be aither takin' somethin' to pawn thin," says Martha; "for without coals we can't be livin' nohows."

Mother sobs. Lou reads the lawyer-like-looking letter, and as she does so, a relief mingled with amazement comes over her face.

"Mother," she cries, kneeling beside her, "do you recollect old Mr. Hervey, who came to see father years and years ago, when Barbara was a baby and Lil and I were mites in red shoes and white pinafores?"

I prick up my ears at the sound of my name.

"Yes, dear, I remember him," says mother. "Your poor father once saved him from being drowned, and though he always professed gratitude and stood godfather to Barbara, he never did anything for the child beyond buying her a silver mug. Your father and I used to fancy he would do something. A most courteous old gentleman he was; and he had made a great deal of money as physician to some company out in India. How strange that he should have written."

Mother looks with pitiful wondering eyes at my sister.

"He hasn't written—he is dead." explains Lou, "and has left lots of money to Barbara."

"How too—too utterly delicious!" exclaims Reggy, dancing in the exuberance of her joy.

"There's luck for yer," says Martha, "and me a-sayin' this blessed day—Hiven forgive me!—as ye'd better niver have bin born, ye was so useless like. But I said there'd be luck in store for ye too, when I dramed of ye ridin' like a boy on a big white horse, and me a-screaming like mad to ye to get off of him and sit on like the young lady ye was. And sure the fortin was on the road!"

"To think that Barbara should be made the instrument of rescuing her family from ruin and restoring them to their former position," says Lou thoughtfully. "Strange indeed are the paths marked out for us by a Higher Power. You must be very grateful, and endeavor to do your duty now, Barbara."

The bloater has dropped into the fender, and I listen in amazement as Lou reads aloud the communication, which is from Messrs. Haste & Nickett, solicitors to the late William Hervey, of Harley Street, London. The words "whereas," "wherefore," "the aforesaid Hervey Hilary," and "the aforesaid Barbara Ellen Blake" occur very frequently in the document, which is very lengthy and really of wonderful construction; but I gather slowly that the meaning of it all is that my godfather has left me five thousand pounds a year, and that he has bequeathed a like sum to his nephew, Hervey Hilary, the son of his only sister, who, had his uncle died intestate, would have been his sole heir.

I gather too that there is a serious and alarming condition attached to my good fortune—a condition which startles my family even more than the announcement of the unexpected legacy itself, while it fills me with vague horror and dismay.

The money, which is as a manna from heaven to us starving Blakes, can only be secured by my becoming the wife of Hervey Hilary not later than the twenty-third day of December in the present year—and to-day is the twenty-seventh of November. Should this wish of the late William Hervey not be complied with, the whole of his money is to go to certain charities mentioned in his will.

It seems that my godfather never forgave his only sister for marrying a penniless young doctor, and by imposing such a condition sought to punish her through her son, whose proud disposition would scarcely allow him to accept wealth which was bestowed in such a fashion.

Even approaching death did not appear to have softened the old gentleman's feelings towards his nearest relatives, and probably he quite enjoyed the idea of holding out to them the cup of prosperity thus, being confident that they would reject it with disdain, although Hervey Hilary is but a struggling young surgeon, and finds it nearly as difficult to keep the gaunt wolf hunger from his door as we destitute Blakes do.

These thoughts of mine are suddenly interupted by Lou's saying sharply:

"Mr. Hervey must have felt kindly towards us, or what would have been easier than for him to leave his money to the charities at once, without thinking of us at all?"

Of course he might easily have done so, but then he would not have experienced the pleasure of knowing that he had made two young lives thoroughly unhappy.

With Messrs. Haste & Nickett's letter is enclosed another letter, which Lou has not yet read to us. This she hands to me. It is addressed to the solicitors, and as my hands fall upon the firm bold handwriting I know instinctively that it has been written by a man who is to be looked up to and respected—a man accustomed to choose his own path and by his choice abide.

"Gentlemen," writes Hervey Hilary—"I have to say in reply to your communication of the 16th inst. that I consider the will of my late uncle to be thoroughly unjust and tyrannical. Had I but my own feelings to consult I should at once wash my hands of the whole matter, and the charities mentioned in the will would be welcome to the wealth of my late relative; but as I am duty bound to consider not only the wishes of my own family, but also of Miss Barbara Ellen Blake and her friends, and as I cannot but think that it would be unfair to deprive Miss Blake of her share of the money left by my uncle, I leave the matter with her, being willing to conform to the conditions of the will if Miss Blake be willing also—but with this proviso that immediately after the ceremony of marriage we part, to continue as entire strangers for the remainder of our lives, Miss Barbara Ellen Blake to be perfectly free to dispose of her share of my late uncle's wealth as she may deem best, and I to have the same liberty.

"Should these terms be agreed to, I will marry the lady on the date fixed, trusting that we may both find in the well-being of our respective families, some compensation for the sacrifice of liberty we shall have made; though I confess that I enter into such a marriage with extreme dislike and reluctance. I remain, gentlemen,

"Yours obediently,
HERVEY HILARY."

Messrs. Haste & Nickett further state that on receipt of a favorable reply from

myself they are prepared to forward a check for five hundred pounds, in order that I may have no difficulty in carrying out the wish of my godfather.

I stand with the papers in my hand feeling as in a dream, from which I must shortly awake to the dreary prospects that were mine only this morning.

"A miracle!" says Lou thankfully. "I knew nothing else could save us from the workhouse. And that Barbara should be the chosen instrument."

"It is very wonderful, and Barbara must indeed be thankful," mother answers with tears of joy.

"Most strange!" cries Lil. "A husband for Barbara!" But there is a far away look in her eyes that betrays the delight with which her lover's letter has filled her, and shows that her thoughts are with him. "I do hope, dear, you will like——"

"Like!" exclaims Reggy with contempt. "What can there be to dislike. I wonder, in a man through whom you are getting five thousand pounds a year? Good gracious, won't we make old Bond caper!"

I feel grateful to Lil; she is the only one who thinks of Barbara as well as of the good fortune she is bringing to her family.

"Faith, and 'tis myself 'ud be glad if a man wanted me at all, at all," says Martha. "And there's Miss Barbara looking ongrateful, when 'tis too good to be true it is."

"Deara," says mother with a sigh, "I trust you are not going to be ungrateful and perverse when Providence is sending you the means of restoring your family to ease and comfort."

"Now, Barbara," says practical Lou, clearing a space on the tea-table and placing thereon her own little cedar-wood desk, "come and write at once to Mr. Hilary, telling him you consent to what he proposes. The letter will be in time for to-night's post, and Messrs. Haste & Nickett can forward the check by the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, I can't, I can't!" I sob.

"Can't what?" demands Lou sternly.

"Marry a man who doesn't want me; and who will hate me as I shall hate him," I stammer tearfully.

"Barbara," says Lou impressively. "I have always thought you selfish beyond all bounds; but I cannot think that even you will refuse from sheer obstinacy to rescue your mother from starvation. I may as well tell you that Lil has received notice to leave her situation next week, and I do not think that my own services will be required much longer; and then what do you propose doing? There are two courses open to you—to give ease and comfort to your family for their whole lives, or to allow them to drift into the union."

"Aunt Barnabas said she couldn't pay the rent much longer, too," puts in Reggy.

"An' 'tis the ould landlord 'll turn us out!" cries Martha.

"Really Barbara, it is wicked of you even to hesitate," says Lil.

"Sinful," urges Lou, "to thing always—always of self and your own likes and dislikes."

Mother weeps silently.

"I can't—I can't!" I cry.

"Never mind," says Lou, with a look which is not to be described.

She removes the writing materials from the table in silent wrath and sits down to cut bread-and-butter, while Reggy abuses me with all the vigor of which she is capable.

I slink away to bed in the cold and darkness. What a day of misery this has been to me. It does seem hard that those I love so dearly should be all so actively anxious to thrust me upon the first man upon whom I can be forced; and I feel with a gloomy despair that they would be all just as willing were the stranger about to carry me to the remotest part of our little globe.

Yet I know I am disgustingly selfish. I am sure Lil or Lou would forego their dearest wishes for mother's benefit, brave good girls that they are. Would that I could be more like them. Why am I so awfully wicked as to shrink for a moment from doing that which would be the salvation of us most miserable Blakes? And it is not as if I had any hopes or wishes to set aside, except just a vague idea that perhaps "Love would waken by-and by," and then what a position I should be in; married to a man who detested me.

I lie awake with closed eyes, hours after my sisters are sleeping the sleep of the just, and in the morning when I come downstairs they have long since gone to work.

Reggy has long since returned to Russell Square, mother has not yet risen, and Martha has kept Juan and Issy in bed for warmth, for a cold sleet is falling upon the sloppy pavements and a keen north wind penetrates every cranny.

There is no fire this morning, and Martha gives me a withering look.

"And 'tis myself hopes ye'll be enjoying of it," she says, "and the missus in her bed shakin' and shiverin'. I'd be ashamed, I would, to see it, and meself the cause of it. If any gintleman wanted me, don't ye think I'd up and say, Thank ye kindly for axin of me, sir, and it's me dooty I'll try to do by ye arter? Well, well, the selfishness of some folks is beyant me."

"But, Martha," I plead, "the gentleman doesn't want to marry me, and he hasn't asked me. He will hate me if I am forced upon him."

"Hate ye?" cries Martha. "And where'd be the harm, when you goes one way and him another—when ye needn't never set eyes on him and be as fine as a paycock wid the money, and the rest of 'em get all they wants too?"

"But"—hesitatingly — "oughtn't one to love the man one is going to marry?"

"Get ye up wid yer love!" exclaims Martha scornfully. "That comes of yer rubbishin' love-tales. Love! Couldn't I love any man as gives me dacent vittles and clothes for my back? And if ye're so mighty fond o' lovin', why don't ye love yer mother a bit, and not let her starve wid cold and want?"

I go into my mother's room then. She looks wan and pale.

"Barbara, dear," she says, "I think I am soon going away out of all the trouble."

I know what she means. Mother is dying—actually dying—for need of a little warmth and comfort, and it is I who am answerable for it all.

"Mother, you will get better if I marry Mr. Hilary, won't you?" I ask.

She smiles sadly.

"No, dear, no. You must not spoil your life for us; I have been thinking about it."

I go back to the cold parlor, write a letter to Messrs. Haste & Nickett, accepting all the conditions imposed upon me by my godfather's will, and then hurry off to post it, taking my last penny to pay for the postage stamp. How wicked I have been not to do it before. Mother may die of want, and I shall be her murderess.

When I return from the post office, Aunt Barnabas, in her amber-satin bonnet, with the violet flowers and her dun seal skin mantle, is sitting on the old sofa. Very fierce, very determined she looks, as she says sternly, while Reggy makes faces behind her:

"Barbara, I have come to know the meaning of this affair. Is it true that you are so selfish as to wish to sacrifice your family for nonsensical whims of your own? If so, I beg to inform you that I shall withdraw my assistance, and that you had better at once apply for admission to the nearest workhouse."

"It is not true," I explain. "I have but now returned from posting a letter to the solicitors, in which I state my willingness to accept the conditions of the will." Then I begin to cry.

Reggie flies at me and hugs me. A pitiful look comes into the sharp brown eyes of Aunt Barnabas; she pats my face gently.

"So you would have liked your love-dream the same as the rest, Barbara—eh? Well, that cannot be; but you are doing your duty to those about you, and in duty we may find content if not happiness."

At this point Mrs. Bond comes in with some coal.

"Listening again!" Reggy whispers. "I'll stop up the keyholes."

"We was right out this morning," the landlady says.

Aunt Barnabas pays her a month's rent, gives Martha money for necessaries, and then goes off to scold mother, as is her wont, for marrying "helpless improvident Blake."

Mrs. Bond condescends to light the fire herself, and then she takes the children downstairs to her warm kitchen, to be regaled with bread-and-jam, while she herself prepares and carries to mother some hot strong tea and buttered toast.

When the girls come home at night they find a blazing fire and a meal of ham and new-laid eggs, nicely cooked mutton-chops, and fragrant "Orange Pekoe," Lou's special delight; and they know at once that I have given up my silly dreams and notions.

They are grateful accordingly, and laugh and chat and make merry; but I sit gazing into the fire, thinking of my letter, and picturing in my mind the face of the man who will read it to-morrow.

The check for five hundred pounds is duly forwarded by Messrs. Haste & Nickett, and to see the light in mother's eyes as she says, "Barbara, you have saved us from complete ruin," dispels from my mind any lingering sense of sacrifice and amply repays me for all the anxiety the matter has caused me. With the check there comes another letter from my betrothed.

"Madam," it reads grimly—"I accept your compliance with the desires of my late uncle and with my own wish, and shall be ready to marry you on the twenty-third day of December next, at the church selected by the late William Hervey. No further communication between us will be necessary.

"I remain, madam, yours faithfully,

"HERVEY HILARY."

The cold tone of this epistle makes me cry again.

"What will this man be like to whom I am giving myself—of a surety not kindly or gentle, but stern, hard, and exacting. However, as Martha says, it isn't real marrying."

From house to house up the dreary street goes my story—the story of the girl who is being sold for gold to a man whom she has never seen. As I pass along the street people turn out and look at me, and whisper, "That's the young lady."

I feel worse than ever Bella Wilfer did, and if Hervey Hilary were to die I am sure that I should not wear mourning for him, as she did for John Harmon when he was supposed to be defunct. My position is too ridiculous.

My sisters insist that I shall send a portrait of myself to my betrothed, and for the purpose of being photographed they dress me in soft black velvet, and Lil curls my hair in little fluffy rings over the forehead, lamenting as she does so that she cannot turn my green eyes blue.

The likeness is taken on ivory, and they all declare that "Barbara is positively becoming a beauty;" but privately I determine that Mr. Hilary shall never receive this amiable overture from me. I elude the vigilance of my sisters and slip into the letter a portrait of Martha's niece, an ill favored a young woman as I have ever beheld, having a wide flat face, a broken nose, and a low brow, over which she wears a straight fringe of greasy dark hair.

In response to this civility on my part I receive what Reggy calls "the portrait of a masher." It is a likeness of a young gentleman whose aspect is "of the shoppiest shoppy," whose hair is cropped close to his bullet head, and who wears a straight dog-collar and "loudest" of trousers. He has a crutch stick in his hand; doubtless a tooth-pick in his pocket. The very sight of the photograph fills me with dismay and horror.

Into the fire goes the photograph of my betrothed; and I get out pen, ink and paper.

"I won't marry that horrid, horrid creature to please anybody!" I cry.

"I'd rather starve to death!"

"My dear," says Lil mildly, "in the event of your refusing Mr. Hilary now, how do you propose to repay the five hundred pounds advanced by the solicitors? We have spent quite one hundred pounds of it."

Lil's skilful fingers calmly pursue their work, a delicate piece of silk embroidery, intended for the trimming of a dress for me. I turn away desperate. What Lil says is too true. I am beginning to feel the galling of the chain that is binding me.

I envy the barefooted girl who sweeps the crossing; she, at any rate, will have it in her power to choose the man who is to be her husband, and it will be of his own free will that he takes her "his own to be." It is only I who have to sell myself to an unwilling purchaser in order that my dearest may be clothed and fed. Were it not for the happy look in mother's eyes and the returning of the soft pink to her cheeks, I should run away from it all.

Swiftly, swiftly fly the days; grocers and confectioners, poulterers and butchers wear their gayest aspect, and I am being decked for sacrifice. Lil and Lou, guarded by the directions of Aunt Barnabas, have procured for me a vast amount of finery, which they have stored in trunks and boxes.

Our aunt insists upon taking us to Brighton immediately after the wedding. Ghostly mockery of a honeymoon, when there will be "moon and honey" prepared for two, and but one to partake of the luxurious sweet.

My wedding-day is as dark, foggy, and comfortless as it is possible for a day to be.

"You 'are doing your duty," says mother with a wistful look, "and we seldom regret doing that."

My sisters implore and command me to wear a dainty bonnet of white lace and orange-blossoms and a costume of palest silver-gray which they have prepared for me; but I will hear of nothing but the shabby brown merino I was wearing when Hervey Hilary came into my life-story, though I do let them take the crape off the sleeve. Over this dress I wear a long sealskin jacket, and a hat of like material is on my head, while unobserved I put into my pocket a thick veil of brown gauze, which I secretly bought for the occasion.

"Young fool!" snaps Aunt Barnabas, as she notes my attire. "Don't be surprised if the man won't have her, after all! I would have her properly dressed, but there's not a minute to lose."

I hurry into the cab with my aunt, who has undertaken to see me safely married, bridesmaids and troops of guests being utterly out of the question at such a wedding as mine. My sisters look crossly after us; nobody has a loving look or a loving word for me on my wedding morn.

The cab wends its way slowly through the deepening fog and stops before an old church, the door of which, standing open, reveals a very dingy gas lighted interior.

An old woman is dusting the faded blue moreen cushions. Aunt Barnabas puts some silver into her hand, and she becomes instantly lively and alert, and leads us up the aisle.

As I follow my aunt in her black satin and velvet, I contrive to tie on the brown veil.

"Put that thing off," she says sharply, "and let the man see that he is not marrying a ghoul or a pig-faced woman."

I draw the obnoxious veil farther down over my face however, as I stand trembling at the altar, feeling as the patriotic Roman must have done before he leaped into the gulf.

Aunt Barnabas talks to the aged clergyman who has just arrived. The wind comes wailing through the rafters. The old woman manifests curiosity.

As the clock indicates eleven, two dapper little gentlemen make their appearance and shake hands with my aunt, while a tall straight young man takes his place at my side, bowing to me as he does so. A pair of keen eyes are fixed upon me, and as I feel their gaze the hot blood rushes to my cheeks—I know not why.

Shyly I look up through my veil, and behold, not my young masher, but one who bears the unmistakable stamp of "gentleman"—a stalwart well-built young man, clad in a thick gray ulster. He had not even paid me the compliment of dressing for our wedding, and I am more than ever glad of the old brown merino.

He has a stern dark face, and a crown of glossy dark curls on his well-shaped head. His ungloved hands are white and strong and well-shaped—just such hands as I could fancy writing the cold little letter I received in acknowledgment of my acceptance of the conditions of my godfather's will.

The clerk quietly arranges us. One of the dapper little men, Mr. Nickett, is to "give me away;" the other, Mr. Haste, stands by the side of Aunt Barnabas, who solemnly brings out a lace-bordered handkerchief and applies it to her eyes. The ancient Rector takes his place, and the service begins.

The stranger speaks in a low decisive tone which tells me how utterly and completely he would set aside any will that opposed itself to his own were he in earnest.

"I Hervey, take thee Barbara Ellen," he says; and I fancy his eyes soften for a moment as they rest on my shrinking childish figure.

"I Barbara Ellen take thee Hervey," I repeat very nervously after the clergyman.

Then there is an awkward pause. Hervey Hilary has evidently forgotten the necessity of a ring wherewith to bind

me to him. Mr. Nickett steps forward and touches a plain mourning ring on the finger of my bridegroom.

The young man takes it off quickly, and while it is still warm from contact with his own finger, places it upon mine; my little shaking hand rests in his for a moment while he does so, and a curious thrill such as I have never felt before runs through my frame. We are formally pronounced "man and wife."

We go into the vestry, and I sign my name below that of my husband. Messrs. Haste & Nickett call me "Mrs. Hilary," and make little jokes to Aunt Barnabas on the riskiness of matrimony in general. The old clergyman smiles benignly and wishes us happiness; but never a word says my handsome young husband. He does not speak to me, does not look at me, does not suggest that I should let him see my face.

His brows are contracted in a frown, and his countenance is darker, sterner than before. He walks behind us out of the old church, bows once more, uncovering his curly head as Aunt Barnabas and I step into our cab, and then goes in one direction with Messrs. Haste & Nickett, while we are driven in another, and all that seems to be real of my marriage is the ring upon my finger.

"A strikingly handsome man and a perfect gentleman—and more than a gentleman the Prince of Wales himself cannot be—yet I don't half like the business, after all," says Aunt Barnabas. "You behaved exceedingly well, Barbara."

To my great astonishment the severe old lady kisses me for the first time in my life.

Lil and Lou and Reggy are all three waiting for us at Victoria Station with our luggage and away we go to Brighton.

As I lay in my room at the gorgeous Brighton hotel, I feel that "the day which should be the sweetest and fairest in all a woman's life," has come and gone in mine, and that I have missed the crowning pride and glory of womanhood—the loving and being loved, without which no woman's life can be complete, and that for Barbara Hilary from henceforth any thought of lover or lovers would be a sin.

There are letters on the breakfast table in the morning addressed to Mrs. Harvey Hilary, and forwarded by my mother. One little note is from mother herself. The second letter contains various documents from Messrs. Haste & Nickett, which require my signature and give me the right to my five thousand pounds a year.

There is also a check-book enclosed, and I can draw what money I please to the amount of five thousand pounds a year without consulting anyone. The third letter, or rather packet, is directed in the clear handwriting of Hervey Hilary.

"Come—that looks better," cries my aunt.

When I open it however, there is no line or word from my husband, only a tiny box of scarlet morocco, inside which, on a bed of white satin, lie two rings, one a massive wedding ring, the other a circlet of glittering diamonds.

"How thoughtful!" says Lou.

"Very nice," remarks Lil, turning her own turquoise ring on her finger.

"Diamonds!" cries Reggy. "And six weeks ago Bond kept us all day without a fire because she thought us penniless. Here's health and prosperity to Mr. and Mrs. Hilary"—raising her teacup—"and—and may they both always have whatever they desire! And Barbara, we're not going to be done out of a wedding-cake. Oh, it's awfully, frightfully jolly to be married and have no husband to bother you."

By the very next post I return to my husband the ring with which he wedded me.

We have a very pleasant month at Brighton, riding and driving and enjoying ourselves thoroughly; but for all that I cannot forget the stern face of my husband, and I often wonder how it would look lighted up by the magic of love.

We go home, not to Mrs. Bond's den of horrors, but to a small house at Kensington, all bright with flowers and pictures. Mother looks anxiously at me. Martha exclaims:

"Why, Miss Barbara—Mrs. Hilary, I mean—ye couldn't look more unhappier if ye'd up and married a man as lathered ye every day for the good of yerself, as my own poor mother wor done by, and her the mother of nine."

"Nonsense, Martha! Good luck is ever the gayest of girls," sings out Reggy.

I laugh; but I feel a lump in my throat, and it seems to me that I could better endure an occasional "lathering," with a little love, than be as I am—a wife whose existence will be a clog upon a man's life, as he will be a bar upon mine. I feel too that an invisible barrier has risen between me and my dearest, and I can never, as in the old days, be "one of the Blake girls."

We settle down into a changed but happy life. Before long Captain Heneage Loveday comes sailing over the sea to claim his bride—and oh, what a different bride is Lilian from Barbara. Blushing and tearful, she clings to her young soldier with perfect confidence. It is plain enough that these two are all the world to each other.

We are sorry when they go away to Canada; but Lil's bliss seems so perfect that we can feel no uneasiness about her.

"Poor Bab!" she says, as she kisses me good-bye. "How I wish you could know what it is to love as I love Heneage and he loves me."

We have hardly become accustomed to the loss of my eldest sister when Lou's missionary appears and demands her also. Fearlessly she puts her hand into Robert Hamilton's, and away they go to the distant Pacific isle, which is to be their home; and we have no fears about them either, for "where love dwells what grief may enter in?"

Mother looks quite young and pretty in her dark silks and Maltese laces. The few months of freedom from sordid care have smoothed out many a line from her fair forehead. I rejoice in the happy looks of my dearest, and try my best to be content.

Autumn comes. Golden sheaves lie ripening in the sun and hops are falling merrily into huge baskets down at dear old Dulcott, while apples drop ripe and ruddy in the Kentish orchards, but neither word nor sign comes to me from my husband.

Aunt Barnabas proposes a trip to the Rhine; and so we make our way far into the land of the vine, and tarry a while in a quaint old Rhenish city, where are a gray minster and an ancient market-place. Here a frank-faced young English baronet falls in love with me. To my heart heart however he has no key. I tell him my story; and presently he transfers his affections to noisy romping Reggy, who is looking quite pretty in her tailor-made traveling-dress, with her brown eyes sparkling with delight and her complexion becoming almost as fair and rosy as Lil's own; her budding womanhood beneath the genial influence of wealth is fair to behold. And to Sir Harry Blount my young sister gives the first fresh love of her youth.

I watch the child with wistful eyes as she basks in the light of the love which has come to her; I listen to her happy talk, note her pride, her shy delight, in her fair-haired lover; and I speculate curiously as to how it would be with me were "love to take me by the hand, to wander in the mystic land," and how it would be with my husband in such a case, for his would not be a nature to enter into anything lightly.

Sir Harry Blount is twenty-six years of age and absolutely his own master. His parents have been dead many years, and he has no brothers or sisters to consult on the subject of his marriage; so we go home to mother, and I sit in the chimney-corner and look on the young pair who are to be wedded in the spring.

Reggy is gradually becoming less wild. Sir Harry has such a nice protecting manner towards her; and I observe that when they disagree, as they frequently do, the dispute invariably ends in my sister's giving in to her lover. And she triumphs in her submission. Her young heart belongs solely to Sir Harry, and all he says or does is right in her eyes.

On a late February morning, when snowdrops and crocus are springing through the brown earth, and down at Dulcott blackbirds begin to whistle in the early morning, my sister becomes "Lady Harry Blount."

"Barbara," says my brother-in-law, with a rough embrace, as they bid us adieu before starting for his Cornish castle, "how I should like to punch the head of that husband of yours!"

I laugh as I watch them enter the carriage together.

* * * * * *

Five years have come and gone since my wedding day. The lanky girl of seventeen has become a woman of twenty-two, and there are those who say "Mrs. Hilary is as lovely as her elder sister." My figure is supple and rounded, my complexion fair, my hair rich brown, and my green eyes have taken a darker shade.

All these long years I have never received a word from my husband. My sisters are mothers—Lil has three fair boys, and Lou rejoices in as many little daughters, while Reggy delights in a son and heir, who has a pair of twin sisters and an infant brother. Juan and Issy are at school, and mother and I have settled down together in a cottage near Richmond.

It is a smiling March morning. Sunshine floods the land and primrose stars deck every hedgerow. The dainty pale gold flower "that takes the winds of March with beauty" is sending forth her delicate odor beneath the budding horse-chestnuts. Mother and I are sitting alone.

"Barbara," she says, "you have been the best of daughters, and it is through you that your sisters are happy; and yet, dear, I have been reproaching myself sadly of late for having allowed you to sacrifice yourself for us. Your sisters have the love your father gave me, while you are debarred from the enjoyment of Heaven's best gift through us. I am afraid it has been wrong."

"Nonsense, dear!" I reply, putting my arms around her. "The love of two husbands wouldn't be half so precious to me as yours."

And then, even while my arms are about her, mother gives a little gasping sob and goes right away from me into the blackness we call death.

Sir Harry and Reggy come up to the quiet little funeral, and Reggy insists on my returning with them to their Cornish home, where she is sure the sight of her "bonny bairns" will comfort me.

"Make yourself look very nice to-night, Barbara," she says, when she has settled me in a pleasant room overlooking sea and cliff and changing sky—a delightful room, with shadowy corners and unexpected cupboards and mullioned windows.

We have just been doing baby-worship in the nurseries, and Reggy's bright hair has been all tumbled by her "precious ducky diddleum," her last-born son.

"Harry is talking to Mr. Cardrew in the grounds, and I know he will ask him to stay here, for Mr. Cardrew has just come into possession of Cardrew Court, and is having it done up before he brings his mother to live there. All the dowagers in the neighborhood are frantic about him, for he has had two fortunes left him, they say, and has no wife. He is good-looking, though stern and cold—looks as if he had a story in his life somewhere—but I want to be proud of my sister, so make yourself awfully pretty."

"Gooosey," I reply, "I may not make myself too attractive; I am 'beyond the pale' for ever and a day."

"Poor darling Bab!" says Reggy. "It is too bad."

Sir Harry calls her away then, and they go arm in arm down the long corridor, more in love than ever; and the world seems very dark to me in my loneliness.

Somehow I do dress with care that night. My brown locks are arranged in a loose coil high on my head, my green eyes glow duskily, on my cheeks is the fair tint of the sea-shell, my heavy mourning shows off my round white arms and white shoulders, and at breast and waistband are knots of "violets blue and white."

When I enter the drawing-room, my sister is talking to a bald brown-bearded gentleman, whom she introduces to me as "Mr. Cardrew"; and, it may be a fancy, but it seems to me that the instant the eyes of the stranger rest upon me a curious disquietude creeps into his manner, and this disquietude is yet more plainly visible as he sits opposite to me at dinner. My cheeks begin to burn under his gaze, and a vision rises before me of the grim London church and the frightened oblivion bride, while I seem to hear the tones of the stranger bridegroom. Why should he this? Perhaps to remind me of the barrier lying between me and any man's love.

The next day, when I am sitting in Reggy's garden-chair with my lap full of flowers, Mr. Cardrew takes my left hand in his and says:

"Pardon me, Mrs. Hilary, but I am greatly interested in rings, and I have seen one exactly like that you wear."

Then there is curious look in his eyes, and I find his hand on my shoulder. I turn scarlet and feel angry yet content that it should be there.

"Bab," says Reggy later on, "I cannot understand Mr. Cardrew's manner to you; it seems dangerous; take care."

We are about to drive over to Cardrew one lovely May morning, when Reggy is suddenly detained by visitors; so Mr. Cardrew strolls instead by my side under the horse-chestnuts, which are in full blossom now.

The sky is cloudless, the air heavy with the fragrance of flowers. In my ears a voice, the sound of which is growing hourly dearer, and I am a most miserable and withal a foolishly happy Barbara, for I am learning fast the sweet lessons of love.

"May was o'er the lovers' month," hums Mr. Cardrew; and I know that I am perfectly powerless to resist any command he may utter—that at his bidding I should follow him to the world's end. Of a surety the thing called love has come to me in a most subtle guise. What am I to do? Presently we stand beneath the shade of an ancient elm.

"Take off your hat and let me look at you, Barbara," says Mr. Cardrew.

My face crimsons. What right has he to call me anything but Mrs. Hilary? I have never liked the name until now that I hear it from his lips.

"I shall do nothing of the sort, Mr. Cardrew," I say, trying to speak lightly. "I have no wish to ruin my complexion."

Hereupon he removes the hat quietly, and strokes back my hair.

"Mr. Cardrew," I stammer, "you have no right to speak to me so. I—I have a husband."

"I am aware of that fact," he answers calmly, as he kisses me passionately on lips and cheek and brow. "Do you remember this?"

He draws from his pocket the faded photograph of Martha's niece, and then I know that my husband claps me in his arms at last.

Sir Harry and my sister come up with looks of amazement; but my husband soon explains to them how he has lately inherited Cardrew Court through the death of a grateful patient, and with it has taken the name of 'Cardrew."

"I had," he says to Reggy, "long before that determined to seek and woo my wife, for I felt bitterly sorry for her lonely life; and the instant I recognized her in your sister, Lady Blount, I knew that she had won my heart."

My husband wishes to take me away at once, but Reggy will not hear of it. She says it would be highly improper. She wishes us to be married again, but, finding that that may not be, she contents herself with sending us away to travel.

So my husband and I wander for months in foreign countries, until he desires that I should return to Cardrew that his son and heir may first see the light there.

"Barbara," says Hervey, as I lie in my lace curtained bed, with my baby on my arm and Reggy sitting beside me reading letters from Lil—now Lady Loveday—and dear old Lou, "your sisters are all happy wives and mothers, but which of you do you deem happiest?"

I draw his handsome curly head down to mine, and whisper amid happy tears:

'She who was wooed after wedding."

A CONTRAST.—One man, through favor or influence or interest, gains a high office in political life. Another, without any of these accessories, wins an equal place through his fitness for it, gained by long years of faithful loyal service and gradual preparation.

The former, notwithstanding his official position, has undergone no more improvement than the mineral which was dug from the earth. As he was before, so he remains. The latter has become truly elevated, for he has risen in worth; the force from within has developed his powers and fitted him for higher usefulness.

One youth has been through the various stages of school and college life, he has been sent abroad for culture, and he has had done for him all that money and friends can do; yet, with all this external pushing upwards, he may not have half the true mental elevation of another who, without any advantages but what he has earned for himself, is yet a close thinker, a sincere seeker after truth, an earnest wrestler with mental difficulties, a student, not merely of books, but of men and of nature.

THE world saves most of its respect for the hardest kickers.

# Our Young Folks.

## MACACO.

BY W. W.

I AM a monkey—a little brown monkey, with a black tip to my tail. I was born in the continent of Asia, in India. I used to be very proud of that black tip when I was free in the woods of my native land.

Alas! now I am in a cage with many other monkeys; but amongst them all there is only one with whom I care to associate. He has of late become a great friend of mine, though I have no doubt that when I was at home I should have looked down on him as being far my inferior; but now I hold no higher rank than any ordinary monkey, in spite of the black tip to my tail.

Well, this friend of mine is by name Chattery Chow (which, by-the-bye, we shorten into Chatt), not very handsome, his coat being white and brown, and his nose having an inclination upwards, rather vulgar moreover in his manners, but not nearly so much so as the rest of my companions.

One evening, succeeding a day which had proved particularly disagreeable to me, even more people than usual having come to stare at us, and poke their nasty pieces of biscuit into our cage, I was somehow persuaded by Chatt to relate a few incidents in my life.

My first recollection of events in this sublunary world is that I was lying on some soft leaves watching a little black spot close beside me. I remember clutching at it, and as I did so it moved.

Again I clutched at it, and again it escaped me. I then got up, and chased it round and round, and when at last I caught it, what should it be but the end of my tail, that pretty little black tip.

I had a nurse, for my father was rich, and would not allow my mother to bring me up herself, as the poor monkeys do who cannot afford to employ servants.

So old Grimpa, for that was her name, taught me to walk, and to hang by my tail, and even to wash myself after a time; she also told me that my name was Macaco, and that I must be a good monkey, and an honor to the name, as my father was before me.

As I grew older, my great delight was to go on long nutting expeditions, generally accompanied by my bosom friend Marl.

Now Marl was a beautiful black monkey, very handsome, considered by his relations even more handsome than I; but my mother used to say, "There is nothing like a brown monkey with a black tip to his tail."

We had plenty of neighbors, but my father was very proud, and would allow me to associate only with those of high birth, so that there were few with whom we were intimate.

One of these few, however, I must mention. His name was Merleon, a good-tempered old soul, of ancient lineage (for it was said he could trace his descent back to the Flood), but with rather peculiar ideas, the chief of these being his notion that monkeys are descended from men.

Whenever he mentioned the subject to me, I begged he would speak for himself, but that I declined to be considered the descendant of man. At this he used to laugh, and say I should most certainly be wiser in time.

Perhaps you would like to hear an adventure which happened to me in my youth, and which, though not very important, I shall never forget.

Just as I had finished washing myself one fine morning, and was beginning to feel that I should like breakfast, I saw Marl coming towards our tree. This surprised me, as he was usually by no means an early riser.

While I was still wondering to what I was indebted for a visit from him at that time in the day, he came up, and after wishing me good-morning, told me that he had the day before discovered some fine nuts, which he wished to enjoy with me, but that as they were at some distance we must start early that we might not be hurried. To this I willingly agreed, and, having made a hasty meal, was soon ready to set out.

The morning was cool, and we chatted merrily as we bounded on, enjoying the fresh air, and looking forward with pleasure to our expected feast.

The time passed so very quickly that I could scarcely believe Marl's assertion when he said that we had accomplished more than half the distance.

Suddenly, however, he stopped, and then exclaimed, "Do look down there, Macaco! What do you imagine that ugly creature can be?"

I glanced in the direction to which he was pointing, and there I beheld what I had often heard described, but had never before actually seen—a man!

"Is that really a man?" asked Marl, when I told him my impression. "What fun! Let us watch him."

"Certainly," I replied. "I only wish Merleon were here; but see, the creature is going towards our home, Merleon may yet catch sight of him!"

"I hope he will," said Marl; "I cannot understand how he can gravely assert we were ever like that thing. Look! he has not so much as a tail, and his clumsy feet have no toes. I should like to see him up a tree! Do you think it would be possible for him to get down without breaking his neck?"

As the man walked on we had leisure to examine him thoroughly. He was carrying on his back a large box, and apparently belonged to that class of men which are (as I have since learned) termed pedlars.

We were still discussing his appearance when he arrived close to our tree. By this time the sun was piercing even the thick foliage by which it was surrounded, so that I was not at all surprised when the man removed the box from his back and sat down.

He then, having opened it, drew forth one of a number of caps which I now saw it contained. This he placed on his head, and, having stretched his limbs on the grass, was soon fast asleep.

As we were watching him, Marl exclaimed, "Why should we not try on one of those caps? He has left the box open!"

I declaring myself perfectly ready for anything which promised fun, we crept softly down, took a cap a-piece, and climbed up again.

We had scarcely done so when several of our friends arrived, and, on learning the state of the case, also descended for caps.

The old Merleon came towards us, and I shall never forget the look of his dear old face as he silently placed one on his head, remarking as he did so, "There was a time, before we rose to be monkeys, when we were just such creatures as that man. Now, if he were to stay long enough in these woods his tail would grow, and at last he would become just like one of us."

"How would he live before that came to pass?" inquired Marl.

"Exactly in that way in which we existed before we became as we are," he replied.

While we were talking the man awoke, and, seeing his property on our heads, seemed very angry. After a moment, seizing his remaining cap, he threw it at me.

Happily it missed me, and caught on a branch; but I, as well as my companions, felt justly indignant at such an insult. We accordingly returned the compliment, and hurled our caps at the man.

This, instead of increasing his anger, as we expected, appeared to amuse him greatly, for he sat down and laughed as if I had not believed a man capable of laughing, and then returned the caps to the box.

However, he lost that which hung in the tree, for Merleon seized it, and, placing it on his head, declared that he would henceforth wear a cap, in order that none of us might ever forget our origin.

## USED IN WAR.

The armor worn by war elephants during the time of the old Mogul empire was often magnificent, being a mass of steel, iron and silver. To the long, white tusks, which were covered with chains, were lashed sharp swords or sabers, forming an armament well calculated to demoralize an opposing force.

The Sultan Mamood equipped his elephants with bastions which were filled with men armed with crossbows and spears. To the tusks of the animals poisoned daggers were attached.

This Sultan had a band of rhinoceroses in his army which were supposed to be used in demoralizing a foe, though the danger of their playing havoc with their own forces was equally great.

The cheetah was formerly employed in the East as an adjunct of war, bands of them being released and trained to bound along and tear down the enemy as they are now known to kill the fleetest antelope.

The French and English in their campaigns in Africa and Asia, have employed camels, and the French service to-day possesses a camel corps, small guns being mounted on their backs. One company was served with Gatling guns of light caliber.

The Arabs have long employed the camel in war, a corps of these animals mounted with native sharpshooters, with their long guns and the gay colors of their robes, presenting an attractive appearance.

Even the ostrich has been suggested as a war animal. It was found that they can carry their riders and develop marvelous speed, but they are very uncertain, and quite as liable to turn and retreat at the wrong time as to advance, so that the ostrich corps exists in theory more than in practise.

The value of the horse and mule in all army operations can hardly be estimated. Mules have been mounted with small cannon or rapid-firing guns in an emergency, but the eccentric character of the animal renders the service more than uncertain.

During the war between the North and the South a huge shark was unintentionally drawn in the service. At one time there were nearly two thousand prisoners confined in the Dry Tortugas Prison, which was surrounded by a ditch about one hundred feet wide and half a mile long. Prisoners often attempted to escape by lowering themselves into it, and in several instances were drowned.

One day a live shark was placed in the moat by a naturalist for experimental purposes, and while it was perfectly harmless, the shark effectually put a stop to the attempts at escape, and was known as the sentinal or the provost marshal of the prisoners, who never wearied watching the huge animal as it swam up and down, with its head and tail canted viciously out of the water.

THE FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE.—If I were a poet I might describe cobalt as it deserves to be described; but being only a chemist, I must state in plain prose that the history of cobalt is of so strange a character, that one can scarcely believe it to be a reality.

The very name "cobalt" is derived from Kobold, which means an "evil spirit;" yet although it retains its name, it is now placed on a pinnacle of fame in the chemical laboratory, and very justly so, for its intrinsic worth is great.

For many years cobalt was found in such great abundance in the mines in Saxony, that it was neglected and thrown aside as useless.

In some of the copper mines (according to some) it was so abundant that "a prayer was offered to God in the German churches, that He would preserve the miners from cobalt—kobolds and other spirits."

At that time the true use of cobalt and its value in the arts was unknown. In latter years, however, there has been a wonderful advancement in chemical science; so that cobalt, among other materials, has been rescued from the wasteful hands of ignorance, and it is now considered to be one of the most useful of natural productions.

Cobalt is a very brittle metal and of a reddish gray color, like a mixture of copper and iron. In the metallic state, cobalt is exceedingly difficult to prepare; but the oxide or rust of the metal is easily produced; and it is the beautiful color of this rust, and the exquisite tint, varying from deep azure to sky-blue, which it has the power of imparting to porcelain and pottery, that renders it so valuable.

All blue glass is so colored by cobalt-oxide. There are also several colors used by painters and artists, such as zaffre and smalt and artificial ultramarine, which owe their charming effect to cobalt.

As it to invest this curious metal with some spiritual qualities, cobalt can be made into ink, which, although quite invisible when used, instantly appears to the reader when the paper is warmed before a fire; but it again becomes invisible as the paper cools. The principal mines of cobalt are in Germany and in England.

ANY strictness which sours our temper, which makes us dislike our fellow-creatures, which shuts us up in ourselves; or, again, any which interferes with our duties, and oppresses us with little fidgety difficulties, instead of carrying us along in obeying the laws of our state of life, is almost certain to be a morbid strictness. The object of all strictness is to fence duties round, so as to make their performances more sure, and to fence our heart round, so as to make the feelings more humane, and so more heavenly: and it our strictness do not give us these results, we must look to it that we are not making some great blunder.

# The World's Events.

In Japan every child is taught to write with either and both hands.

Very old people need from a third to a half as much food as when in their prime.

A man who is fond of figures affirms that in battle only one ball in eighty-five takes effect.

In China the doctor is paid monthly so long as one keeps well, and the pay is stopped when one is ill.

A rival has been found for the eight-day clock. It is stated that a Liverpool man has invented an eight-day lever watch.

The long tails of the Shah of Persia's horses are dyed crimson for six inches at their tips—a jealously-guarded privilege of the ruler and his sons.

The discovery of a cigar in the bridegroom's pocket caused the indefinite postponement of a marriage at Oneonta, N. D. He had promised not to smoke.

The bridal-veil of a Japanese woman is most carefully perserved after the ceremony, and is not used again until the death of the owner, when it is utilised as a shroud.

Five ordinary men can hold a lion to the ground, but it takes nine of the same kind of human beings to hold a tiger. One man can hold a horse by the head so he cannot rise.

The butchers of Berlin inform their customers of the days on which fresh sausages are made by placing a chair, covered with a large clean apron, at the side of the shop-door.

Dr. Mahaffy, of Dublin University, recently said there is grave doubt whether the people are better or happier as the result of the educational movement during the last thirty years.

Hydrophobia is sometimes introduced into Switzerland by foxes and wolves coming down, in severe winters, from the mountains of eastern France, attacking dogs and other animals and infecting them with the venom of the terrible disease.

A runaway horse at Florence, S. C., jumped a six-foot gate, and, the dangling check rein catching on a picket, the horse's head was pulled in such manner that the animal turned a somersault, landing on its back, but it gained its feet and ran on.

Mice are fond of music, and this fact induced a machinist to construct a trap with a musical-box attachment. The music attracts the mice, and to get nearer to the harmonious tones, they wander into the trap and are caught alive, five or six at a time.

The Mayor of Ferrara, Italy, when lately compelled to be absent, determined to constitute his wife deputy mayor. She discharged all her official functions with such vigor and ability that on the mayor's return he discovered that nobody needed him back.

An enterprising New York man sold his wife for a watch. The purchaser married the woman and instituted proceedings against his wife's former husband for larceny in stealing the watch. The former husband then had his successor arrested on a charge of bigamy.

The phonograph is now used in some schools as an aid in the teaching of foreign languages. The teacher has a large number of cylinders or "records" which are intended to assist to a correct pronunciation. The student sits down with the talking machine and listens to its repeated pronunciation of a certain word, and then tries it for himself.

Curse cards are being used in Switzerland and Germany to check profanity. People go about with the cards in their pockets, and whenever they hear bad language, present one to the swearer to sign. The card has printed on it a pledge to abstain from swearing for a specified time or to pay a small fine for each oath to some charity. Nearly 60,000 of these cards have been distributed in Switzerland alone.

YOU CAN GET MONEY IF YOU WANT IT

$5, $10, $25, $100, $500 or even $1000. There is $11,500 which THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has set aside soon to distribute among 440 people. Do you want some of it? You cannot exactly get it for the asking, but it is almost as easy. Write to

The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia

## TILL LIFE IS DONE.

BY H. C. M.

A rose that blooms a moment, then to leave,
Chance strain of song you smile at as you pass,
Bubble that breaks before you lip the glass,
Chain frail as threads that busy spiders weave—
Oh, do not think that I myself deceive;
Thus, and not otherwise, to you am I,
A moment's pleasure as you pass me by,
Powerless, at best to make you joy or grieve.
And you, to me, my sun-god and my sun,
Who warmed my heart to life with careless ray!—
For ever will that burning memory stay
And warm me in the grave when life is done.
What further grace has any woman won?
Since your chance gift you can not take away.

## OF TEACHER AND PUPIL.

When Franklin made his discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity people asked, "Of what use is it?" The philosopher's retort was: "What is the use of a child? It may become a man!" When Trebonius, the schoolmaster of Luther, came into his schoolroom he used to take off his hat and say: "I uncover to the future senators, counsellors, wise teachers, and other great men that may come forth from this school."

If a child be thus valuable, surely the work of him or her who trains him up in the way he should go ought to be very highly esteemed. Of course the more knowledge a teacher has the better, but we may have much knowledge and not be at all capable of imparting it. The result is that explanations are often given like that of a certain mother one time. She was reading to her little boy, and stopped every now and then to explain and to ask him if he understood. "Yes, mummy, I do when you don't explain."

After love the next thing that is most necessary in a teacher is hope. His creed should be that of a certain teacher who used to say that every boy is good for something. In an address to an association of teachers he said: "Looking back over my own schooldays, as I recall the names not only of the gifted popular boys who have come to grief, but of other boys who led poor, valueless lives then, as they seemed to be, and yet have been reclaimed in after-time by one cause or other, it is forced upon me, as a truth I can never forget, that not even the lowest boy is incapable of the highest good. That is why there is one word, though only one, that I have simply begged my colleagues never to use in their reports of boys—the word hopeless. Masters and mistresses may perhaps be hopeless—I cannot tell; but boys and girls—never."

The last sentence reminds us of a retort which a dull student once made. Professor: "You seem to be very dull. When Alexander the Great was your age he had already conquered the world." Student: "Well, you see, he had Aristotle for a teacher."

Since the days of Sir Isaac Newton there has not arisen a greater man of science than Charles Darwin, and yet he was considered by his father and schoolmasters as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. "To my deep mortification," he tells us, "my father once said to me, 'You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family.'" Young Darwin was called "Gas," because, with his brother, he got up a small chemical laboratory in the tool-house of the school garden, and spent his leisure hours there making gases and compounds instead of joining the boys in their games. He was also publicly rebuked by the headmaster for wasting his time on such useless subjects. Darwin the philosopher has taught us that evolution is a slow process, and his teaching was exemplified in Darwin the boy.

A gentleman happened to be in a school when a spelling-lesson was going on. One little fellow stood apart, looking sad and dispirited. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the schoolmaster. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. He said a few words to the scholars, and then, placing his hand on the noble brow of the little fellow who stood there, remarked, "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up, but try, my boy, try." The boy's spirit was suddenly aroused. His dormant intellect awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became studious and ambitious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, and the author of a well-known commentary on the Bible, a great and good man, beloved and honored. It was Dr. Adam Clarke.

Genius has been defined as long patience, but this definition would suit equally well good teaching. If in instructing a child you are vexed with it for want of adroitness, try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and remember that a child is all left hand. "Why do you tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?" asked some one of Mrs. Wesley, the mother of John Wesley, when she was teaching one of her children. "Because," was the reply, "if I told him only nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor."

He or she who is not a student of human nature must fail as a teacher. The early Jesuits, who were masters of education, were accustomed to keep registers of their observations on their pupils; and generations afterwards, when these records were examined, it is said the happy prescience of their remarks was proved by the subsequent careers of those who had been noted.

Another practice of these Jesuits was to hand over the youngest and least advanced pupils to the best teachers. This was wise; for, while any one with industry, a good memory, and a fair amount of brains can by cramming obtain sufficient knowledge to instruct in the mysteries of the higher education, there are not many who possess such gifts of mind and temper as enable them to deal wisely with little children, to develop their intellect and mould their characters. Infant education should be considered the highest branch of the profession of teaching. The worse the material, the greater the skill of the worker.

## Grains of Gold.

Judge not of men or things at first sight.

It is impossible to live higher than we look.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.

Some never think of what they say; others never say what they think.

The best way to humble a proud man is not to take any notice of him.

Observed duties maintain our credit, but secret duties maintain our life.

Moderation is the silken string running through the chain of all the virtues.

Indolence is to the mind like moss to a tree; it bindeth it up so as to stop its growth.

The best penance we can do for envying another's merit is to endeavor to surpass it.

They are fools who persist in being quite miserable because they are not quite happy.

The moment anything assumes the shape of duty, some persons feel themselves incapable of discharging it.

## Femininities.

The air castles of most girls are covered with orange blossoms.

At Queen Victoria's dinner table is a separate servant for every person.

A woman wins an old man by listening to him; and a young man by talking to him.

If you want to know a woman's true character, linger after the guests go, and listen to what she has to say about them.

Teaspout: "Why are you so angry at the doctor?" Mrs. Teaspout: "When I told him I had a terrible tired feeling he told me to show him my tongue."

"Why do you persist in saying 'that there?'" asked the farmer's daughter. "Because I don't mean 'this here,' that's why," answered he; and the poor girl wept silently.

"When the little girl is naughty," says a lady, giving a mother directions for curing her small daughter's bad temper, "put on her best gown, and you will see that she cannot withstand its influence."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's carefully concealed age is exposed to a rude world on a tablet in Kelloe Parish Church, near which she was born, March 8, 1806. She was, therefore, six years older than her husband.

A curious thing is reported from Virginia. The telephone people, whose experience with pretty telephone girls has not been altogether satisfactory, advertised for ugly girls, and there were twenty-five applicants.

Trailing skirts were introduced into England nearly 500 years ago by Anne, Queen of Richard II. The same enterprising lady introduced the side-saddle for women, and abolished the cavalier style of riding them in vogue.

A mild-mannered gentleman who was rash enough to marry a "new woman" has adopted a curious formula. When answering invitations or making appointments, he puts the letters "W. P." in the corner of his communication. They mean, "Wife permitting."

A female town crier fulfils the duties of that office in the Scottish town of Dunning, Perthshire. She is a hale, hearty old dame of seventy, locally known as the "bell wife," and is very proud of having proclaimed the Queen's birthday for fifty-three years running.

Brown strolls into his friend Black's office. Brown: "Hallo—your lady typewriter's away, I see!" Black: "Oh, yes! She wasn't a bit of good—couldn't spell at all!" Brown: "Was she rilled when you told her she'd have to go?" Black: "Not a bit. I told her she was so pretty that the clerks couldn't get on with their work for admiring her."

Visitor: "I suppose you have had a very gay season this summer?" Miss Giddyhead: "No, indeed! I have been so busily engaged with benevolent work that I have really had no time for frivolities. With the charity balls, bazaars, private theatricals, and masquerades, all for the benefit of the poor, I have sacrificed myself entirely to the work of charity."

"There are two traits of character I should do my utmost to develop if I had children to bring up," says a woman whose daily work brings her into contact with many different people. "Those are the traits of generosity and unselfishness. If they were born in the children I should encourage them, and if they were lacking I should do my utmost to plant and nourish them."

"I don't like to ride my bicycle now," said the fair young girl, "because of the wind." The young blushed slightly. "Co-couldn't you use strips of lead or something?" he stammered. "Strips of lead for what?" The young man blushed again. The room seemed painfully hot. "Why, in the hem of your sk-skirts?" he stammered. "My skirts?" echoed the tall beauty. "I'm not talking of my skirts. It's my curls that the wind blows out."

The Duchess of Buccleuch is a believer in the theory that heavy brushes ruin a woman's hair. On the toilet table in her pretty dressing-room at Montagu House, Whitehall, very light silver-backed brushes are to be found. Most experts advise that hair brushes should have the bristles of uneven length, or, as the trade term is, "cut penetrating." By this means nearly every individual hair is separated when the brush is used.

Stoutness is not an evidence of health, and few people covet largely increased avoirdupois. "You're getting fat," is a common form of greeting intended to be complimentary; but if it be true it is seldom so regarded. Stout persons, particularly women, are very sensitive on the point, and would be glad to forget it, not to be continually reminded of it. They are but too well aware of the inconvenience, awkwardness and discomfort of the condition to be pleased by any reference thereto.

Hobbies of certain well-known ladies reveal a wide selection, that proves that in such personal pastime choice does not run in settled grooves. While the Duchess of Newcastle delights in her gigantic wolf-hounds, Lady Brassey inclines to pugs and Countess de Grey dotes on bulldogs, Lady Marcus Beresford has a strong love for cats, of which, it is said, she keeps over a hundred. Princess Henry of Battenberg has a number of Angora rabbits, and from their long wool she works many useful articles.

## Masculinities.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is a "lie," and a half of it is an "if."

Last year twenty-one persons were married in Berlin who had passed the ripe age of seventy-four years.

Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

There are some people who should be accompanied with directions for taking, the same as a bottle of medicine.

There is nothing makes a man angrier than to know he has made a fool of himself after having had his own way about a thing.

Every adult male Mohammedan is liable to military service, except those who have had the good fortune to be born in Constantinople.

Wanted by a bachelor jeweler—a wife with a neck of pearl, ruby lips, "brilliant" eyes, golden hair, a silvery tongue, and a perfect jewel of a temper.

He who knows enough to act, in all cases, as his true interest would dictate, is wiser than King Solomon, and must live, on the whole, a more worthy life.

Old G.: "So you are going to take my daughter from me without any warning?" Mr. S.: "Oh, not at all, sir! If there is anything about her that you want to warn me of, I am perfectly willing to listen."

Nicola Tesla, the famous electrician, says that nearly all long-lived people have been great sleepers. He believes that if a man could sleep eighteen hours every day without the use of narcotics, he might live 200 years.

The men of Berlin have an odd habit of brushing and combing their hair and whiskers in public. In the restaurants and cafes men pull out their implements and "spruce up" while waiting for their orders to be filled. They do not take the trouble to leave the table, either.

There is comfort as well as good sense in this remark of Swift's: "Nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; but there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who by a very few faults that they might correct in half an hour are not so much as tolerable."

The villa of a French nobleman who lives in the vicinity of Paris, is chiefly remarkable for its magnificent conservatory, which is used as a banqueting hall. Creeping around among the plants in this winter garden are to be seen a number of little tortoises, which their eccentric owner has had enamelled and studded with precious stones.

The poet Swinburne is one of the most erratic persons in the world. Although he is a perfect master of French, German, and Greek, it is his delight to pretend that he is illiterate. He left Oxford with a great reputation for learning, but he would not take a degree. He lives near London in a charming old house, and is scarcely ever seen in society.

The King of Italy does not believe in women riding the bicycle, and when the Duchess d'Aosta, who is closely related to him, took to the wheel, he gave the sentries orders not to salute her as she passed. The first one she came to, obedient to the royal command, did not salute. The Duchess quietly dismounted, went up to him and boxed his jaws.

Francis Murphy, the temperance advocate, says that electricity and the bicycle are doing great things for the cause. "The motormen and conductors," he says, "are keeping sober, and the introduction of electricity is to be thanked for it; and a man cannot ride a bicycle when he is drunk, and a man who is breathing the pure air of the country receives inspiration without the use of artificial stimulants."

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## Latest Fashion Phases.

Later autumn brings with it more of change of color in stylish accessories than any marked change in the contour of garments. Skirts are slightly modified, and there are several improved shapes; but there is no special style to be used, to the exclusion of all others. The width and shape will be governed by the individual, and by the fabric used in the making of the gown, the occasion for its wear, the height and figure of the wearer, etc.; all will be considered in selecting the skirt model.

In dress fabrics, however, a season of new and wonderfully beautiful weaves is before us. A medley of colors of the most artistic description appears among the French and English novelty suitings, checked and striped Fionas, diagonal cheviots, ottomans, cheviot serges, cheraseas, camel's-hair suitings, florines, benalias, costume diagonals, mezarins, jacquards, etc.

Very elegant are the Oriental designs in tri-colors, in silk and wool, and the woven silk-faced bengalines. Hop-sacking reappears in new canvas weaves and in novel fancy varieties, jaspered with black or threads of contrasting bright silk. It forms comparatively simple though ladylike costumes edged with stitching or gimp in rows; or, if preferred, a richer relief in velvet or repped silk, in the form of sleeve puffs, girdle, collar, and pipings.

In addition to the standard serges are new wide-wale fancy diagonals, with multi-colored threads in Persian effects. These are very handsome. As was announced some time ago, there will be a great rage this and the coming season for repped silks, corded silk and wool goods, and all-wool materials.

The repped silks have ordinary, medium, and extra heavy ottoman cords in black, and also in a very tempting range of colors. Fancy cords with iridescent or jaspered grounds in quaint mixtures of color will be used for accessories, and more or less elegant costumes entire, with often a relief in moire or velvet. Oriental colorings in superb effects and most intricate designs, appear among the new French taffetas. They have a sheen and a pliability not hitherto characteristic of these silks.

The "damask" silks of a generation ago reappear under the name of Lyons brocatelles. Stripes of black satin give a rich tone to these brilliant fabrics. Much red, violet, green, and gold, are blended in the elegant peau de soie textiliea, with a demi lustre and a twilled surface. The very beautiful material called gros de tours, will form one of the fashionable silks for dressy autumn gowns, this material having a soft finished corded surface, slightly heavier than taffeta, but much less glossy. It will be used in the pale tints for evening gowns and various accessories on day gowns of dark hues, and in the very handsome grays, fawns, browns, greens, and in black for church wear, calling costumes, etc.

Some of the grounds on new patterns are striped with satin in bronze or black, then figured with small leaves, or quaint, old-fashioned designs. The season's new faced cloths are beautifully soft and fine in texture, light in weight, and come in tempting colors in Russian sage and maple-leaf greens, deep Danish blue and some of the silver-blue tints, in Spanish brown, in opal gray, dahlia, and dark currant red. These with the repped goods, take precedence of all other fabrics in the making of elegant tailor costumes and demi dress toilets.

Regarding new jackets and waists there appear very beautiful models among the host of entire gowns and costumes. These new waists, when made of figured silk or satin, are in short jacket shapes, neither bolero or Eton, but more like short Louis Quinze coats, fitting snugly at the back, open in front, and belted from the under-arm seams only. While all jackets should fit the figure perfectly, it is a mistake to ever have them very tight; and the semi loose effect in front, with fullness drooping slightly over the waist instead of being carried under it, is much more desirable.

The French walking jackets this season, are the smartest things that can be imagined. In tan or beige cloth, made from a model between an elongated Eton and a military jacket, fastened at the throat, but with easy fronts, is a charming French style, finished with military braid of the same color. It is quite long at the back; that is, it comes some inches below the waist-line; it is silk lined, the sleeves are small, and the whole effect is exceedingly trim and smart.

Another style is a regular military jacket which buttons up to the throat and is close fitting. It is trimmed with braid and frogs, and looks like a dress waist.

Stylish little covert coats are great quantities; they are very plain this season, the revers small, the sleeves little coat shapes, with only a slight fullness at the armhole, and the buttons are on an invisible fly. With the gowns of dark blue, green, or currant red, to be worn this fall, these light-colored covert coats will look very pretty on the promenade. Covert cloth jackets are never trimmed, but other fabrics made in exactly the same fashion are decorated with odd silk cord ornaments and a let-in collar of velvet. The linings are chosen with much care as to some effective contrast of color.

These coats can be worn either fastened or opened, and while not suitable for dress occasions are perhaps the most useful of all the varied styles of autumn outer garments, if we except the tailor-made jackets of fine black melton cloth. Other fancy waists to be enumerated among new and stylish models are the Russian blouses in wholly new effects trimmed with braid in Breton fashion, open up the left side, belted and short-skirted, with a circular basque.

Lovely white wool autumn costumes have jackets and sleeves tucked horizontally across the front and back and at intervals up the entire length of the sleeves. The jacket is loose across the front, the tucks running from shoulder to shoulder, and fastening on the left side from shoulder to belt.

Regarding the arrangement of bodices, while many of the new gowns are fastened directly down the front with a line of very handsome buttons of novel and elegant kinds, invisible fastenings are still in high favor and they are still set in very odd places. The seam upon the left shoulder and under the arm are, however, the most generally used by leading dressmakers. Irregular and one-sided effects prevail upon Paris bodices and gowns sent over as indications of what is to follow. This lack of regularity and geometrical preciseness shows itself even in some of the handsome gimps, galloons, and silk cord and braid appliques.

The basque pieces this fall have no deep in-and-out curves, ripples, or even tiny wavelets. They are flat, silk faced and fitted smoothly, and they may be tabbed, cut in short or longer Vandyke points, omitted on the front and sides, with natty button trimmed postilions at the back, or scalloped and bound at the edges. Out of a representative group of stylish Paris models, but two of the exceedingly smart designs showed a basque without some sort of belt, girdle, cointure, or belt effect from the sides only.

One of these models in dark laurel green was made of fine light Venetian cloth, with Milan braid on the edges. The fronts have flat revers, not pointed at the lower portion, but cut off straight and turned back. Two flat collars above the revers, one larger than the other, and edged with gimp, outline the neck. The collar, belt, and bustbow, are of fancy satin ribbon. The vest is of plain biscuit colored cloth laid in inch-wide cross tucks, with alternating rows between each three tucks of vine patterned soutache braiding.

Triple caps of braid edged cloth finish the tops of the very close-fitting sleeves. Some of the French and Russian blouses have the full fronts terminating on the left side in a velvet ribbon trimmed jabot that graduates in width from the shoulder seam to the belt. Concerning various skirt models, the three piece and five-piece skirts will be favored for making up autumn dress fabrics. The modified seven and nine gored shapes will be used for dark satin foulards, light wools, repped goods, etc.

Some new French skirts show a totally novel form. The breadths are left their entire width with the exception of the gored front breadth mounted by gathers or pleats. Some, however, show a style heralded by us last spring, i. e., a skirt with a deep hip yoke, with kilts, folds, or alternating wide box-pleatings, and five flat pleats, these attached to the lower edge of the yoke. This style will be used in plain light wools, and many of the French and Scotch plaids in silk and wool, and all wool. With this pleated skirt will generally be worn either a Russian blouse, or one of the pretty jersey-shaped jacket bodices.

## Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

The comb for 1897 and 1898 savors of the Spanish pattern, with a high square shell top, which the Parisians wear in front of the centre top-knot.

There are many novelties in umbrella tops, which now are made in onyx, chrysocollite, and tortoiseshell, adapted to the form of croquet mallets and golf sticks, while many quaint ivory carvings from Japan and China, which generally take the form of quaint figures, have been adapted to the tops of the umbrellas. Some of the French artists are devoting their time to painting china handles, which take a variety of forms, as well as the crooks and the balls. Turquoise laminated with gold and various sorts of enamels have also been pressed into the service, and wood, ivory, and other substances have been carved into the semblance of birds, beasts, and fishes, with their special de orations. Tops for umbrellas, made in painted china, are more exquisitely painted than they have ever been, both on white and light grounds; some crooked and some of a ball shape.

In jewelry five or six rings with very fine wires, each showing a different stone, such as emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds, seem to be the latest fashion. Enormous gold rings with a jewel in the centre are used for scarf-pins, the turquoise being specially in favor; and safety pins of gigantic size, made in gold, have a large amethyst in the middle surrounded by diamonds. A fashionable brooch takes the form of red cherries with green leaves and brown stems. Minute silver baskets have colored flowers springing out of them, and these are intended for brooches. Gilt purses, made of rings, are to be seen in every shop window.

A novelty in necklaces are cross-cut bands of velvet, threaded through long bars of diamonds, mounted in a lace-like design and rows of pearls are kept in place in the same way. Huge diamond birds form aigrettes, and the smallest watches ever made are now employed for studs, and warranted to keep time. Minute diamond ornaments take the form of donkeys, birds hovering over a nest of eggs, horses, and other curious devices.

Great is the variety of china and glass set forth on fashionable tables. The thick, diamond-cut crystal or moulded glass can be had for the asking—tube flower vases adapted to the long stems of chrysanthemums, shell shape bonbon dishes and china with graceful curves and designs.

White china for ferns and flowers is ever popular, and there is a growing tendency among young housekeepers to buy the pure white china, as a table never grows tiresome if decked in spotless ware with the necessary color added in centrepiece or a bit of Wedgewood.

Silken sofa pillows in French tapestry, with a pineapple pattern wrought in gold, are popular. So are pillows of hand-embroidered satins on grounds of dull blue and terra-cotta or conventional poppies on green, with flounces of art silk.

On old oak or Chippendale tables tea-cloths of finest Breton lace, with insertions of Cluny, look the best. Some have open work ecclesiastical designs and come from Austria, France and Ireland.

Table-centres are made of colored or shot silk, with insertions of gold-run guipure and butterflies and flowers are appliqued on the silk Some are entirely of lace, with Louis Seize medallions in silk.

A pretty idea long familiar to the French is the luxuriously embroidered chamber towel, with long grille fringes of silk and cotton.

When the appetite is capricious and food is not relished, it will be necessary to prepare dishes in which a great deal of nourishment is concentrated. Essence of beef may be served in a variety of ways that will contain a great deal of nutriment, even when given in very small quantities.

Broiled Beef Juice.—Broil one-half pound of round steak one or two minutes on each side, cut in small pieces, squeeze out the juice with a lemon squeezer, salt slightly and serve.

Beef Essence.—Put one pound of raw beef, cut fine, in a glass jar, set the jar in cold water, heat gradually, not quite to boiling, and keep at this temperature for two hours. Strain, season and serve hot.

Broiled Beef Tea.—Broil one half pound of lean, juicy beef one minute on each side, cut in small pieces, pour over it one half cupful of boiling water, squeeze it, salt the juice, and serve instantly. It should not be heated a second time.

Stewed Beef Tea.—Cut very fine or pass through a meat cutter one-pound of round steak, soak it in one-half pint of water for half an hour, let it heat gradually, cut not boil. Strain, salt and serve.

Broiled Steak.—Wipe the steak with a clean wet cloth, take a piece of the fat to grease the gridiron, broil over a bright fire four or five minutes, turn often, put on a hot plate, season with pepper, salt and a little butter and serve very hot.

Raw Beef Sandwiches.—Scrape fine two or three tablespoonfuls of raw, juicy, tender beef, season slightly with salt and pepper, spread on thin slices of bread and put in a toaster and toast slightly.

Cranberry Jelly.—Take one pound of cranberries, half a pint of water, and three quarters of a pound of white sugar. Pick the cranberries carefully over, rejecting any which are at all unsound, and wash them well. Put them, with the half pint of water, into an enamelled saucepan, and boil them for half an hour or until they are all broken, meanwhile stirring them to prevent burning. When they have assumed the consistency of marmalade, add the sugar, cook for a minute or two longer, and remove from the fire, strain through a coarse colander to remove the skins, and pour into a mould or basin which has been wetted in cold water. Let it stand for a few hours, when it can be removed from the mould by simply loosening the edge with a knife, and inverting the mould over the dish in which it is to be served.

Mock Turtle Soup.—Boil together a calf's liver and heart, and a knuckle of veal, for three or four hours, skimming well, then strain off. Chop the meat fine, and add to it a chopped onion, salt, pepper, and ground cloves to taste, thickening, if necessary, with a little browned flour, cooking again in the liquor. Have the yolks of four or five hard-boiled eggs cut up for the tureen, also slices of lemon.

German Biscuits.—Half a pound of flour, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter or dripping, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, a quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg, and a very little milk. Rub the butter among the flour, add the other dry things; make the whole into a very dry paste with the egg, and, if necessary, a very little milk; knead it very well, and let it stand half an hour, roll out thinly, and cut in round biscuits; bake lightly; when cool stick two together with a little jam, then ice them. Icing: Half a pound of white sugar, half a teacupful of water, boil, stirring constantly, till it is thick; stir a little off the fire, and pour on the top of the biscuits.

Marmalade Pudding.—Three quarters of a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of marmalade, a quarter of a pound of suet, one tablespoonful of carbonate of soda, and butter milk. Grate the bread and put it into a basin, add the suet and sugar, and mix well together; then add the carbonate of soda, taking care that the lumps are rubbed out; now add the marmalade, and mix, also as much butter milk as will wet the whole, but it should not be very moist. Grease a basin or mould well, and put the pudding in, cover with a greased paper and steam for two hours and a half; turn out, and serve with sweet sauce, with some marmalade mixed to flavor it.

Spaghetti.—Put a tablespoonful of lard and butter into a porcelain saucepan. When hot add a quarter of a pound of spaghetti, broken into desired lengths, half an onion, sliced, one large tomato, pepper and salt, and a dash of red pepper. Stir to prevent burning, and allow to brown slightly. Then add one large cup of stock or hot water, and boil until the water has been absorbed, being sure that the spaghetti is tender.

To Boil Onions Whole.—Skin them and boil them twenty minutes, and pour off the water entirely. Then put in equal parts of hot water and milk, and boil them till tender. When they are done through take them up with a skimmer, let them drain a little, and lay them in a hot dish. Make a good drawn butter of milk, thickened with cornstarch, add butter and salt; let it boil till sufficiently thick. Pour over the onions, and serve.

## THE TANGLED SKEIN.

BY A. S.

Heaven darkly works;
A pale man bears about a martyr's heart,
And never finds his fire; while one burns high
With a recanting soul. The patriot's head
Wastes on a pole above a gate of slaves
In sun and rain, while he who only sought
The awful glitter of the diadem
Stands crowned, with acclamations of the free
Rising like incense round him. On the sands
Jove lolls, and listens to the sleepy surge,
His right arm boltless, and that brow, whose frown
Could shake Olympus, naked as the peak
That fronts the sunset; while a baby hand
Clutches the thunder. Yet through all we know
This tangled skein is in the hands of One
Who sees the end from the beginning; He
Shall yet unravel all.

## Grantley Manor.

BY L. M.

HOWEVER improbable this story may appear it is said to be strictly true, and to have been participated in by parties now living.

It was the 7th of June. A large party had assembled at Grantley Manor. The morning had been spent in various sports and recreations; the afternoon in tennis and archery; the evening in music and dancing; and the hour was now fast drawing towards midnight.

Upon some one's faint proposal of retiring to rest, the ladies declared that the idea was insufferable—positive sacrilege—with the moon rising so grandly above the distant tree-tops, and the lake shining like a sheet of silver.

Their generous host, Colonel Calder, was by nature a cheerful and even jocularly-disposed man, but all day he had been unusually silent, strangely abstracted at times, and though he did all that lay in his power to promote the mirth and amusement of his guests, it was evidently with a heavy heart and flagging spirits. There were frequent solemn little conferences, too, between himself and his wife, which were quite unaccountable on a festive occasion like the present. Both looked pale, anxious, and apprehensive.

"Are you sure, Augustus, that there is no mistake?" he was heard to say.

"None, Harold," was the gloomy reply. "I only wish it were so, with all my heart."

"Give me my diary, and the three or four almanacs, love, once more. What if things go the wrong way! There are four of us left, and who knows what calamity may happen before the sun rises and sets again?"

"Now, Colonel, to your promise!" cried Fanny Fishbourne, a high-spirited girl. "The hour is favorable. A ghost story, if you please!"

"You shall certainly be obliged, Miss Fanny! You shall have one presently—with an illustration!"

"An illustration? Good gracious!" cried a maiden aunt, Miss Henrobin, in horror. "Do you mean to tell me that we are going to have a ghost here?"

"I will explain myself to your satisfaction by-and-by, and in the meantime, Captain Berkeley, I shall call upon you to give our friends your Torchlight Procession; but as I have heard it more than once, you will perhaps pardon me for taking a walk on the terrace. My mind is a little disturbed to-night, and the fresh air may do me good."

Then Captain Berkeley said:

"I am not about to draw upon my imagination, ladies; the thing I shall describe I witnessed with my own eyes—many reliable people have witnessed it also, and more may do so if they please. Old Mr. Pritchard was a most eccentric personage.

"He was unanimously reported to be an Atheist; but this was not the case, though he never attended church. He lived in a lonely country house, with the exception of his venerable housekeeper, quite by himself; received no visitors; seemed to avoid even his nearest neighbors; and, in fact, acted in a queer, morose way that entitled him to the complimentary epithets of miser, misanthrope, and curmudgeon.

"His housekeeper knew something of his private history; but when what is vulgarly turned pumped by inquisitive people on the subject, she generally took out her snuff box from a remote part of her bombasine gown, regaled herself with a good pinch, and returned it to her pocket with a mysterious air that effectually silenced all further inquiry.

"Another of Mr. Pritchard's peculiarities was that he had built himself a sort of low round-tower on an adjoining hill—his own property—the massive door of which was fastened with a patent unpickable lock, and the key of this he always carried at his girdle.

"'You will see me put in there when my time comes,' he said to his faithful servitress, Meg; 'and let there be four-and-twenty men, bearing lighted torches, to follow—the six first carrying my coffin between them. The door of the tower is then to be locked, and you are to throw the key afterwards as far as you can into the lake. Do you mind me, Meg?'

"'I mind you,' said Meg; 'all shall be as you wish, and mercy put off the day!'

"'The night, Meg, the night.'

"She nodded, gave something resembling a wink, and took a pinch of her favorite compound to hide her emotion.

"I had been out all the afternoon angling for trout, and on re-entering the wayside inn, where I had taken up my quarters for a few days, was asked by the landlord whether I intended to go and see it.

"'Go and see what?' I asked.

"'Why, the torchlight procession, sir; this is the anniversary, you know, of old Mr. Pritchard's funeral.'

"'Oh, certainly'—with an incredulous smile.

"'If you start from here at a quarter to twelve, you will meet them on their way to the tower.'

"I kept the appointment, and, sure enough, the valley was all ablaze with flaring torches; four-and-twenty men, the six first heavily laden, were marching at a solemn funeral pace up a neighboring hill. I rubbed my eyes, believing it to be a dream; but no, the thing was real. So I hastened forward and watched the proceedings till the coffin was silently placed in the lonely building, the door carefully padlocked, and the key pocketed by Mistress Meg.

"On a sudden then every light was extinguished, and I and the other spectators were left in darkness, saving for the sickly gleam of the waning moon. We looked for the four-and-twenty torch-bearers, but they were nowhere to be seen, and Mistress Meg, too, had as mysteriously disappeared!"

"And we have your word that you witnessed all this, Captain Berkeley, and it was no optical illusion?" inquired one of his fair auditors in a rather quavering voice.

"You have my word for it."

"And you had not been—I beg your pardon, Captain Berkeley."

"Oh, regaling myself previously at the wayside inn, you would say; the question is quite pardonable under the circumstances. No, I am a sober man, and Colonel Calder will tell you that neither he nor any of my brother-officers or friends ever saw me in the state hinted."

There was a long silence, then Colonel Calder came in, and, sitting down in a melancholy manner, said:

"Now, ladies, I will explain to you why my spirits to-day have not risen to the occasion, and why I have played the host in so poor and discreditable a way. Every fifth year, upon a certain night at a certain hour, this old family mansion of mine is troubled with a curious and painful kind of visitation.

"At a little past twelve at midnight, a coach, or carriage, drawn by six blood bays, dashes up to the door; a gentleman, clad in the deepest black, alights from it, ascends the steps, rings the bell, and ask for me. I go out to meet him. If he simply bows and retires all is well; if, on the contrary, he hands me a letter with a black seal and border, I know that one of my family is dead, or will shortly die. It was so with my father; it was so with my mother, and with one of my sons. I have another son away from home. I naturally tremble for them, no less so for my wife and for myself.

"Now, do not let me shock you, but it singularly happens that this very night, in less than five and-twenty minutes, that coach and six will arrive here, the man in black will alight, ring the bell, and meet me at the door in the way described. If we simply exchange greetings our apprehensions are set at rest; but if"—here the Colonel's voice broke a little—"you understand me, one of the four I have named is doomed and must die."

There was a loud shriek at this moment, and the maiden aunt was found to have fainted. On having a smelling-bottle promptly applied to her nose, however, she partially recovered, but called for her maid to assist her to bed, as she positively refused to witness anything of what was about to take place.

Several more of the party showed symptoms of hysteria, but curiosity kept them tolerably quiet. Still, all looked pale, and some joined hands or clasped each other round the waist, by way of sympathy and protection. Mrs. Calder did her best to soothe them, but was herself almost as nervous and excited.

"Oh, Colonel, how you have frightened us!" cried Fanny Fishbourne; "can't it—can't it be put off?"

This produced a smile from Captain Berkeley.

"Hush," he said, "I hear the sound of approaching wheels."

A general consternation, and a drawing of chairs together. Just then Colonel Calder's head groom, for the butler and other servants were too frightened to stir, rushed into the room, almost breathless, crying:

"Sir! sir! a carriage with six horses has just passed the lodge, and is on its way to the house. I don't know who can be coming at this hour of night; and what is stranger still, the big iron gates opened without a finger touching them. I ran up here as fast as I could to tell you, that you might be prepared."

"Be ready," said the Colonel, rising, "to stand by the horses' heads; don't look so scared, man! You, an old soldier, too."

In a few minutes the ghostly equipage, after a great grinding of wheels and trampling of iron-clad hoofs, drew up at the door of Grantley Manor, and several of the visitors who were not too much alarmed ran to the wide windows to watch the rather uncanny proceedings. Captain Berkeley did his best to calm their fears; Mrs. Calder, who had previously sprung to her feet, sank upon the chair again with clasped hands and beating heart, murmuring:

"Oh, I hope—I hope all is well!"

Colonel Calder, with a strong effort to control himself, passed from the room, strode along the hall, and with his own hand opened the great door in answer to the loud and long peal at the bell.

The expected gentleman in black alighted, ascended the steps, and removing his cocked hat—which had a white feather in it this time—bowed gracefully, turned, and retired; the carriage door was closed by an attendant footman, and—hey, presto!—the old soldier stood dumbfounded and gaping where a moment before had mounted guard, and had his hand upon bit and rein; coach and horses had melted in the moonlight, and though all listened intently not a sound of retreating hoofs or of rolling wheel was to be heard.

"Then there was no letter after all?" said Mrs. Calder, half breathless with agitation.

"No," replied her husband, tenderly embracing her; "and we are all safe for years to come. Frank is alive; Florence is well, and neither you nor I have any cause for another moment's anxiety or uneasiness. Berkeley, I am pleased that you are present; ladies, I hope none of you have been seriously startled? I am glad and yet sorry this thing took place to-night, when so many eyes were able to witness it. We will resume our spirits and sports to-morrow, and no gloom or painful apprehensions of any kind shall interfere with our mirth and merriment."

"Stay one moment," exclaimed a young girl, bolder than the rest—"who will come with me to examine the drive in front? The moon makes it as light as day."

There were two volunteers at once. They looked at each other in astonishment; not a pebble out of place; not the slightest mark of carriage-wheels, and they had made noise enough in drawing up; not a solitary print of a horse's hoof anywhere to be seen.

DISCONTENTED WOMEN.—Discontented women are always egotists. They view everything with regard to themselves, and have therefore the defective sympathies that belong to low organizations. They never win confidence, for their discontent breeds distrust and doubt; and, however clever they may naturally be, an obtrusive self, with its train of likings and dislikings, obscures their judgment, and they take false views of people and things. For this reason it is almost a hopeless effort to show them how little people generally care about their grievances, for they have thought about themselves so long and so much that they cannot conceive of any other subject interesting the rest of the world.

## At Home and Abroad.

Parents cannot name their children just what they please in Germany. By Imperial order Government functionaries are forbidden henceforth to register any infant in a Christian name bearing the slightest relation to politics. Socialists are very fond of calling their children Robespierre, Lassalle, Bebel, Liebknecht, and the like; but the Emperor William objects to the practice. So the child's name must be chosen from the Bible, the Calendar of Saints, or from the roll of princes and national heroes.

An amusing story is told of one of the Italian prisoners recently sent back from Abyssinia. He was wounded at Adowa, where Menelik's men plundered the Italian camp chest. Having no use for Italian bank notes as money, and believing that the engraving on them had magical power, they plastered the prisoner's wounds with notes to the value of nearly $5,000. He was arrested on his return to Italy, but a court-martial set him free and decided that he might retain the money.

According to the story told by two Danish officers who have just returned from the Pamir country in Asia, bringing several hundred photographs of people and scenery not before visited by Europeans, there exist in that elevated part of the world tribes of very small men who worship fire and are entirely uncivilized, and whose domestic animals are at least as remarkable as the people themselves for their small size. The explorers report, for instance, that the cows they saw were not larger than ordinary foals, that the donkeys were of the stature of large dogs, and that the sheep resemble small poodles in size.

The convicts in the State prison at Michigan City, Indiana, are to be put to raising potatoes and cabbages. The Warden proposes that the State lease 1,000 acres of swamp land near the prison, on which shall be cultivated potatoes, cabbages, celery and other vegetables in quantity sufficient to supply all the state benevolent and penal institutions. Under the new anti-contract law, the 900 convicts soon will be idle, and the warden believes the land would afford profitable employment. He has ascertained that the land can be leased for the improvements the State would have to make on it. He says that if he could obtain permission he would set 500 men to draining the land at once. The Board of Managers will consider the proposition.


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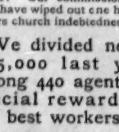

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Philadelphia

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

## Humorous.

AN OLD EGOTIST.

I, too, have loved; and I can say with pride
The love I felt in youth has not yet died.
I've passed through life; and now—a strange survival—
Still love myself—and never had a rival!
—A. S. E.

Why is the letter G like the sun?—Because it is the centre of light.

The feet that are covered with bunions may not be stylish, but they are certainly "knobby."

Why is a person trying to say something witty like a dog's tail?—Because he is inclined to be waggish.

"I fear," said the postage stamp, when it found itself fastened to a love letter, "that I'm not sticking to facts."

What animal has the most brains? Give it up?

The hog. He has a hogshead full of 'em.

"I wonder why so few people ever succeed in keeping a diary?"

"Well, you see, the only ones who have the time haven't anything to write about."

Bell: "Saw Tom Green and his wife out wheeling last night."

Nell: "Tandem?"

Bell: "No—perambulator."

Finicus: "I tell you a man never appreciates his wife till he gets into trouble."

Cynicus. "That'so; it's a great satisfaction to have some one to blame for it."

Novice: "Does learning the bicycle require any particular application?"

Old Hand: "No; not that I know of. Arnica is about as good as anything."

"And why," asked the young porker, "do you feel so sad whenever you see a hen?"

"My son," replied the old hog, "I cannot help thinking of ham and eggs."

"But didn't you take me for better or for worse?"

"Yes; but things have come to a point where I'm going to insist on some of the better."

"Julia had her husband's photograph taken with his head stuck in a newspaper."

"Why did she do that?"

"She said that was the way he always looked to her when he was at home."

The Wife: "Doctor, can you do anything for my husband?"

Doctor: "What seems to be the matter?"

"Worrying about money."

"Oh, I can relieve him of that all right."

Penelope: Oh, there are lots of good fish in the sea.

Kathryn, who has come home from the summer season unengaged: Yes, but why don't they come out on the beach?

"I come to tell you," said an Osage City tenant to his landlord, "that my cellar is full of water."

"Well," responded the landlord indignantly, "what do you expect to get for $10 a month—a cellar full of beer?"

He: "I'd willingly go round the world for your sake."

She: "I shouldn't like that."

"Why not?"

"In that case you'd come back to where you started from."

Brother: I told the landlady that it was cold in my room, and she soon made it hot for me.

Sister: How so?

Brother: Roasted me for not paying my board.

"Farewell?" he sobbed.

The beautiful Miranda, the light of his life, was, alas, another's.

However, the same thing was true of the umbrella he managed to grab in the hall as he left her forever.

"Were you successful in your efforts to please the company?"

Amateur Reader: "I don't think my efforts to please them were so successful as were their efforts to please me. They actually looked as if they liked it."

"No," said the gentleman in the bald wig, "I ain't much of a bass singer; but you ought to hear my brother."

"Was he much?" asked the gentleman with the peagreen whiskers.

"Much? His voice was so heavy that it made him bow-legged to carry it?"

A traveler in Scotland had left his wrap in a railway-car. The guard, opening the door of one of the cars, inquired, "Is there a black mackintosh here?"

"No," answered one of the big Highlanders inside, "there is no black Mackintosh, but there are six red Macgregors."

Mrs. Newrocks: "Mercy! These baggage-men are very careless!"

Miss Newrocks: "What have they done, mamma?"

Mrs. Newrocks: "Why, they've torn and defaced the labels on our trunks so that it is very hard for a stranger to see we have been to Europe."

The beautiful young lady looked earnestly at the middle-aged man to whom she had just been introduced and said:

"How strange! Your name has a familiar sound, and when I gaze into your face it seems as if I must have seen it somewhere, in the dim past."

"Yes," he replied, "I was your stepfather for nearly a year, once."

### WAX FOR THE COMPLEXION.

We have heard of a "waxen pallor" as adding to the interest of a lovely heroine in works of fiction, but we never before heard of any one trying to acquire it by eating wax candles.

Yet that is what a girl is said to have done at Worcester, England, with far too complete success, as she has just died in the infirmary from the effects. It seems a most extraordinary story.

The only thing not strange about it is the girl's death, supposing she really did eat the candles. Some kinds are edible enough, it is true, especially in cold climates, but they are made of grease, not wax.

Tallow candles are, according to arctic explorers, regarded as a great delicacy by the Eskimos. But wax is a totally different matter. It is not directly poisonous, in the ordinary sense of the word, and a little might do no harm, but it must be absolutely indigestible. The wonder is how any sane person could come by such an extraordinary idea as that her complexion would be improved by a diet of this kind.

There are things which do improve the complexion. There is arsenic, taken in very minute quantities; there is sulphur and iron, and other things which doctors are in the habit of prescribing in proper cases.

And, no doubt, there are various less orthodox substances of the order of domestic remedies which enjoy a great—and wholly imaginary—reputation for "clearing the skin."

It may be anything from camomile tea to gin. Women of England's lower classes have all faith in these remedies—especially in the gin, and educated women are surprisely ready to accept the suggestions of ignorance and superstition in such matters.

But who ever heard of wax candles? People have been known actually to admire those marvelous beauties whose heads adorn the shop windows of fashionable hairdressers; and it is possible that an ignorant girl might, by a confused association of ideas, conceive the notion that eating wax would produce the charming complexion exhibited by a wax figure.

From that to a diet of candles would be an easy step. The feminine nature is capable of such heroic efforts in the pursuit of beauty that no suffering would be too great to undergo, no risk too great to run. Incredible as the fact may seem, it is stated on good authority that the recent shocking death of a lady from the use of an explosive hairwash has served rather as an advertisement than a warning.

Other ladies have since insisted upon having their hair done with the same deadly compound, cheerfully encountering the risk of untold suffering on the off chance of improving their appearance. Where vanity is concerned reason ceases to exist.

All the tribe of quack beautifiers thrive upon this weakness. In spite of innumerable warnings, women will cover their faces with noxious preparations that can do nothing but injure the skin, they will pay fabulous prices for bottles of rubbish, they will starve themselves, squeeze their unfortunate organs out of all recognition, and commit a thousand fantastic follies.

They are the martyrs of vanity, and the Worcester girl was only rather bolder and more original than the rest. Eating candles is a novel method of improving the complexion, but it is not a whit more futile than bathing in asses' milk or using precious salves.

Very likely the Worcester girl suffered from hysteria, which often shows itself in a capacity for eating strange things, even needles and pins. But hysteria is not easily separable from the exaggerated vanity which makes the ordinary victim of the beauty quack; and it is quite likely that if the virtues of wax candles are only asserted loudly enough by some one or other, there will be a large demand for the new "treatment" for bad complexions, in spite of the untoward fate of its inventor.

NOT EASILY KILLED.—Not long since it was found necessary to kill a certain vicious elephant, and two physicians were appointed executioners. They fed the beast on aconite concealed in carrots and arsenic sprinkled on buns, which it swallowed pleasantly and asked for more.

Then one medical gentleman conceived the brilliant idea of loading a syringe with prussic acid, inducing the animal to open its mouth, and squirting the poison down its throat. The elephant considered this great sport, but the doctor who was working the syringe, took so much interest in the experiment that he momentarily forgot the deadly properties of prussic acid, inhaled the fumes, and fell unconscious.

The other physician saved his colleague's life with great difficulty, the elephant looking on sympathetically. However, after it had taken enough poison to kill two thousand men, according to the doctors, and three hours had passed since the first dose, it suddenly toppled over and expired quietly.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer

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